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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

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CHAPTER XV.

It was the night of the burning of the wreck, a splendid, purple-clouded night, for even in the uncertain moonlight one could distinguish the rich, bluish-purple of the masses of vapor scudding across the sky. There was a slight breeze stirring, which made the summer air deliciously cool. The island that evening looked over a regal prospect. The New Jersey hills, the broken outline of the winding shore, the humble fisher-cottages dotting its sands at intervals, and the vast, grand reach of water flowing resistlessly out to the great ocean beyond, each and all took a new character in the soft, trembling, white light. Even the rocky, sterile Island, and stern figure of the Lighthouse borrowed a dash of beauty.

"It's a nice night, ben't it? ben't it a nice night now?" quoth Miss Saphronia, as she trotted amicably at the side of Ahrenfeldt and one of the two sisters, for Sonora had dreaded to attract attention by declining to be of the party. "It's a heap better to go out in the moonshine than to stay to hum, *I* think. That's my opinion, folks, what is yourn? Up in Varmont they go to bed 'fore the moon shows herself,—all but me, for I always had sich a pecoolar likin for it. Every night I used to put my head out of the loft window to kitch a good view. I think it's so elevatin'!"

And chattering half to herself, half to her companions, the little woman scrambled up the rough, precipitous path, jerking herself briskly over all elevations with the ease of a gymnast. A short walk by craggy rocks and shifting sands brought them to a prominence which overlooked that part of the shore where the wreck lay. It had been cast there years before, and now loomed up in the moonlight like the skeleton of some vast sea monster. The sisters could remember, when children, playing hide-and-seek in and out of this very vessel, so long had it lain there.

"And they are going to burn it," said Sonora, "I am sorry. Lighthouse Island will scarcely seem Lighthouse Island without it."

Sonora was very pale to-night. Her old girlishness was all vanished. Her newly assumed self-possession sat very ill upon her, because it gave her a constrained air of haughtiness in harsh contrast with the maternal simplicity of her appearances. Ahrenfeldt noted this change with curious, watchful eyes. He was a shrewd judge of human character. He knew the various outward phases a woman's moods and emotions generally assume; something of intellectual vanity thrilled through him at the sight of his young girl's evident consciousness of his power over her.

There was that in the clear, still atmosphere, which forbade conversation. Words would have been a jarring intrusion, therefore, for a long while, as they sat on this elevation watching the wreck, they were silent. As for Miss Saphronia Hallowell, she yielded at once to her peculiar aptitude for sleeping, under the most diverse circumstances, and having quietly rolled herself up in a large opening of the rocks, reposed peacefully in the arms of Morpheus. Happy Morpheus!

By the dash of distant oars, the musical flow of the water, and the occasional mellow-detached sound of a human voice from the shore below met the ear. It was a night—a one to be remembered, a night when the purest, saddest soul may unconsciously befriend of burden, and seem young again in heart and feeling. Oh, this growing old—growing old! If it were merely the withering rosy cheeks, the fading of lustrous eyes, the decay of strength and vitality, it might not seem so mournful a thing. But age has tokens than those! It weakens the good, heart—it subdues the throbbing of noble impulses, and at last renders childish and puerile that inner, fierce, beautiful thing which manifests itself so gloriously through the eyes, eyes are truly said to be

"—— the windows of the soul."

At length Sonora spoke:

"How strange it is," she said, "that on nights like this, and amid scenes like these I grow so discontented with myself. I feel so any, so like the unit that I am in the great lan of creation—so wicked. One would think the contemplation of such things as surrounds now would have an elevating effect—has not—it has not!"

With me," said Ruth, "it is very different. Such times I never feel dejected. I experience, on the contrary, aspiration—a concentrated desire for progression, for a perfection which will bring me nearer—" she did not say what, but her kindled eyes were lifted onward.

"For my part," began Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "I look upon all beautiful things in a more commonplace light than either of you. I become never dejected nor exalted. I bask in them with the utmost satisfaction, and simply bless my stars that they exist. At the moment Sonora spoke, I was thinking of the Gulf Venice. Someway this moonlit water reminds me of it strangely. Ah, many a night have I passed upon it,—many and many a night." He paused, as though he intended to tell them of events which had befallen him. For awhile they heard only the surging of the tide.

Ahrenfeldt had recommenced speaking when a wild, prolonged shout, a great, frantic cry, as of exultation, arose from the shore below, and at the same instant a broad, glaring blaze of light swayed to and fro in the evening breeze. It came from the weather-beaten wreck, touched simultaneously in fifty different places by torches in the hands of the smugglers, who now, like so many demons, danced and shrieked around it, their dusky figures being placed in bold relief against the red, shooting flames.

"What a sight!" cried Ahrenfeldt, "one would think these men were lunatics."

"Is it not fine?" said Ruth, in an art-reverie, her voice gathering a warm, enthusiastic sound, "is it not bewildering? That startling background gives them the air of fire-worshippers, and such for the time they are. How they enjoy it! Do hear those hearty shouts!—and now they are singing! was there ever so singular a picture—such wild, maniac noises!" she laughed softly as the chorus strong, rude, and unmusical, arose more distinctly on the air. But Sonora, shrinking from the discord, shuddered.

"This is terrible," she said, rising, "what nerves can endure such a lack of all harmony? Chaos is come again. Do let us go home."

"What! and miss so fine a sight?" demanded Ruth. "Wait a little,—it will soon be over," and with healthy enjoyment of the scene, she bent her eyes upon the burning wreck again, and that so intently, she heard neither the wilful feet of her sister scampering down the path, (Ahrenfeldt did, although he did not attempt to detain her,) nor yet the approach of others ascending it towards them. She started violently, as with much freedom a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice at her side uttered some form of greeting, but what, she hardly comprehended.

"Oh, Spitfire, is it you? How you frightened me!"

"'Deed, Miss Ruth, and it's I. Nothin' strange in that! Afeerd, are ye? Ha, ha, ha! Well, arter that 'ere night in the cave, when you come so near givin' up the ghost, I should think you wouldn't never be afeerd of nothin' agin. Lookin' at the men, eh? Cuttin' up powerful high, ben't they?"

"Take care there," cried Ahrenfeldt, "you are walking over flesh and blood."

Spitfire recoiled in dismay, as, uttering a savage howl of pain, Miss Saphronia arose, half asleep, yet sufficiently aroused to feel and resent her wounds. Two more quaint figures than those of these women seldom meet. As they confronted each other now, they presented an odd, farcical picture, worthy of being transferred to canvas.

As the moonlight revealed, by degrees, Miss Saphronia's singularity of toilet, and her extraordinary head-dress, Spitfire burst into a loud laugh, that might have startled the very owls and bats from their retreats.

"You're excessive impolite," said Miss Saphronia, indignantly.

"Be I?" retorted the other, "well, if you ain't jist the queerest! I say, granny, what'll you take for all this 'ere gear?" twitching, as she spoke, at her head-dress, and grinning from ear to ear.

Miss Saphronia jerked the bonnet from her grasp with the fury of a tigress, and skipped off towards the lighthouse, mumbling wrathfully to herself as she went.

"Lor, Miss Ruth," said Spitfire, chuckling, "what a hodd little cretur that is, to be sure! Where did you pick her up? She's as ghostish lookin' as a fortin-teller."

Miss Saphronia was not yet out of hearing. She returned. Her eyes glared with baleful splendor, and her long, thin face quivered with nervous excitement.

"I look like jist what I be, then," she said, fiercely, addressing herself to Spitfire, "for I dream dreams that come true, and I can tell fortins as well as any one in the land. Many is the one I've told to the young gals in Varmont—my, how I would like to tell yourn!" and she ground her teeth, "how I would like to tell you a leetle of the blackness ahead of you!"

"Would you? Who cares?" rejoined the undaunted Spitfire; "tell away, if you wants to!—*I* ain't afeerd of you! Where's your cards?"

"I don't go by cards," said Miss Saphronia, stiffly; "give me your hand."

Spitfire tossed her palm up obediently, but with a disdainful snort that did not express a very firm belief in the necromancy of the Yankee spinster; Miss Saphronia grasped it tightly in her own hard fingers, and for a while looked sharply upon it.

MISS SAPHRONIA TELLS AHRENFELDT'S FORTUNE.

Neither Mr. Ahrenfeldt nor Ruth felt the slightest inclination to laugh, remarkable as was the scene before them. The overwhelming passion apparent in the features of the half deranged little fortune-teller, and the sybil like aspect her position and gestures gave her, were far more calculated to awaken pity and interest than mere mirth.

Relaxing her gaze upon Spitfire's hand, Miss Saphronia flung it from her at last with a gesture of spiteful abhorrence.

Spitfire burst anew into shrill laughter.

"I've changed my mind," cried Miss Saphronia, boldly. "I won't do it."

"Why not?" asked Ahrenfeldt, smiling in spite of himself.

"Because I won't, and I 'spect that's enough reason. I'm not goin' to give any other."

"Because you can't, you mean," exclaimed Spitfire, triumphantly.

"Come," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, carelessly extending his own palm, "come tell my fortune, then, since poor Spit is not to be so favored. Cast a look at my hand and tell me what you see."

"What'll you give me if I do?"

"Anything you choose. I forgot that. Of course I must cross your palm with silver, that is the established usage, is it not? I will bring you a new dress to morrow when I come over, will that suffice?"

"A bright one, a nice one?" demanded Miss Saphronia, the craft of madness now shining luridly from her black eyes.

Ahrenfeldt nodded indolently.

Without more ado she seized upon his palm, looking at its white breadth coolly and attentively, and tracing its lines back and forth with her long, skinny forefinger.

"There is misfortin' here," she pronounced, "but more sin; there is troubles, but more folly; and even every leetle evil I see finds a punishment, as it oughter. Up here among these 'ere curlin' lines by the thumb, is some thing very pecoolar. Two of 'em, these two, cross very suddent like, but 'fore that they show themselves as crooked as a ceow's horns."

After a pause she broke into loud, derisive laughter.

"A wife!" she exclaimed, "but not the one folks naterally think. You'll turn from gold to something that glitters, and think it jist as good. A wife—a wife!"

And uttering rough, piercing sounds, half cry, half laugh, she sprang down the rocks again before Ahrenfeldt could detain her.

Ruth arose and prepared to follow her home.

"Come," she said, quietly, "let us go. How chill this night air grows."

Philip wrapped her shawl around her in his usual kind, careful manner, but during the walk he scarcely spoke to her at all, and seeing that his thoughts were pre-occupied, Ruth, too, relapsed into silence.

Where, meanwhile, was Sonora?

She had not gone directly to the lighthouse, as they had thought, and as they found on reaching it. Wandering along the beach, she had paused to rest herself, when, becoming weary of her ramble, she was now still seated on a fragment of rock, shivering in the damp night air, and gazing drearily, listlessly over the water. How it mocked her, that glittering sea! How it seemed to defy her sorrow! The very roar of its breakers smote her with dismay, to whom once it had been such music!

Shall there be Night in Heaven?

Who would desire an eternity of sunlight? Who would bar the grand old Night from the immortal spheres to which Death is the solemn portal? If the gray, still shadows, the unnumbered constellations, the holy repose of Night are beautiful on earth, what, oh! what were the beauty, the glory, the sublimity of NIGHT IN HEAVEN!

On this night, this moonlit Night on Earth, the eyes of Sonora Hallowell were opened to herself as she existed at that moment. She sought acquaintance with herself, and the knowledge thus acquired filled her with loathing. She hated herself; she had endeavored to crush down her despised secret, to cast away her chains and stand free from the influence of all human passion, free from so wild, so ungenerous, so dishonest an one as this!

In vain.

It had risen like a breath of sudden fire, like a desolating whirlwind. In uprooting it—even but in loosening its clasp of flame from her heart—she thought that she must destroy herself, and although at this sacrifice, she determined to accomplish her desire. She sat there on those rocks that summer night bowed with remorse and humiliation. Sappho-like she longed to quench sorrow in the flood rolling at her feet, but she did not dare. She must live her life, she must go back to her home—to the companionship of that sister, who, unsuspicious of evil, cast thorns into her conscience with every innocent word she spoke.

At length she heard behind her the sound of feet. She looked up with sudden tremor.

"Go away," she said, bitterly, "I will not be haunted by you in this manner. For the last two days wherever I have gone you have been sure to follow. Go away."

It was Ahrenfeldt.

He did not answer at first, but stood looking down upon her in silence, that to her at least, was ominous.

"I have come to fetch you home," he said, at length in a steady and perfectly expressionless voice. "You know as well as I that the night air is growing far too damp for you to remain here longer. Come!"

"I want no escort," she said, without rising, "go your own ways, and I will go mine."

"Sonora!"

No answer.

"Listen: I tell you your ways are my ways—that only where you are *I* care to be. You know it now if you did not before." His voice grew hard and strong as that of one who fears to give way to an indication of feeling, dreading that it may lead him he knows not whither.

It was too true! Ruth Hallowell was for the time forgotten. During the few preceding days Philip Ahrenfeldt's irresolute mind had rebelled against her dominion, wavering like a coward's between the distinct affections of these two women.

Bending her head upon her knees, Sonora's long pent sobs mingled with the low ripple of the waves. Her girlish, every-day character was put to sore distress. There was in it nothing of heroism, and but little of the dignity and intellect which belonged to her sister. She was a gentle, simple, unlearned creature, but life's troubles were to her no less keen on that account that too others. Her power of endurance was but limited; her tears were those of absolute, excessive suffering.

"You are very cruel," she cried, brokenly. "You teach me misery—you bring upon me a trial greater than I can bear, when it is all useless—useless!"

He looked down upon her soft, light curls floating hither and thither in the breeze and smiled, yes, actually smiled. Despite the perplexities of his position, the half implied confession of her regard for him which these words contained, awoke Ahrenfeldt's exultation. He put out his hands, and softly stroked this floating hair.

"I am not cruel. How could I help but love you? How could I see you, day by day, and not care for you? I am no stoic. I am not more than human."

"It is very wrong," she said, still weeping. "It is so—so wrong in you, and—and—and in me, too. Poor Ruth, poor, deceived Ruth!"

"You need not pity her," he said, with sudden coldness, "her pride will console her. She is the proudest woman I ever knew. She has not your tender, dependent nature, my little Sonora."

And in disparaging the woman whom but yesterday he had professed to love, he seemed to feel a zest, a sturdy, grim satisfaction. The thought of her imperfections palliated his own offence. It made him larger in his own eyes to dwell upon them.

Suddenly Sonora started away from him. Her sobs had ceased, but tears still weighed upon her lashes and glittered like jewels in the moonlight. Indignation, anger, sorrow made direful confusion on her sweet, pale face. Unconsciously she drew herself erect, her eyes dilating with earnestness.

"No," she said, "I do not pity Ruth, I envy her. I envy her her good, true heart that has never played false to any one. I envy her even her injuries, for it is better to be the injured than the injurer—dear Ruth, whom you, Philip Ahrenfeldt, have deluded. How dare you come to me with offerings of your perjured love? You are not honorable.—You—"

Ahrenfeldt turned very white.

"Stop," he said, in a tone of only half restrained displeasure, "you have insulted me That is enough. Never, *never* use those words to me again."

"Then never give me cause," she replied, undauntedly.—She was moving away, when placing himself before her, Ahrenfeldt caught her wrist.

"Stay," he said, "you must stay—you *shall*!" His grasp was as that of a vice, but he knew it not.

Half fainting with the pain he thus unconsciously inflicted, Sonora did not struggle to free herself.

"Sonora," he supplicated, "have pity on yourself if you will not on me. You are not happy any more than I am happy. It is useless to deny it. Your whole aspect asseverates what your lips refuse to tell me. Then, too, you avoid me, and this alone shows me that you are not as indifferent as you would seem. Oh, child, child, it is not wrong to give me your love, though opposing circumstance would make it seem so—it is not wrong to allow me to *claim* it openly as from my future wife."

"Wrong! wife! oh, Ahrenfeldt, say that again! Remember that all heaven hears you utter those sophistical words and repeat them if you dare! Wrong! It is criminal—it is sinful to a high degree. My conscience tells me this, and will not be denied in its assertion. You are bound to Ruth by the strongest tie but one, that can unite man and woman in this world."

She broke from him as she spoke.

"Go," she exclaimed, "and if I may not love you, grant that I may respect you always. Oh, Philip, do not be less than my friend—do not endeavor to prove yourself less! Let me look upon you so long as I live as a man worthy in all the noble details of the name. Farewell! Never let us speak of this again!"

He did not attempt to detain her as she darted up the rocks towards the lighthouse, with all the security and swiftness of foot of a mountain goat.

There were tumultuous thoughts in Philip Ahrenfeldt's brain that night, as slowly he walked to where his boat was moored, and quietly rowed himself over the Island Bay to the little farm-house on the opposite coast, which for the present he called home.

CHAPTER XVI.

The days passed on.

What, meanwhile, had come to Sonora Hallowell? Where were gone her pallor, her dejection? What sent such startling beauty into her now brilliant eyes—such soft, hopeful crimson upon her rounded cheeks? What gave that added ring of rare music to her clear, contralto voice, such vigor, such buoyancy to her step? More lovely than she had ever been, there was something lingering about her which, as the secret of this change, baffled, while it piqued curiosity.

It was simply a result of the pure, inward consciousness of duty achieved, of alluring temptation resisted. It was this, and this alone.

Although from the future she had nothing to hope, she had not sunk to the dark level of idle murmuring. A splendid sorrow had fallen on her lot. She gloried in the valueless of her affection, because it seemed to her like idolatry. In her nightly prayers, she thanked God for the thorn he had planted beside it—the thorn of its utter hopelessness. In her girlish, almost characterless way, Sonora Hallowell, like the ancient saints, exulted in self-inflicted punishment.

And Ahrenfeldt?

Never had this man so suffered from his constitutional instability of purpose. Never had he felt his manhood so degraded. Hour by hour, he sank only the deeper into puerile strengthlessness, strive as he would to cast away temptation. He came out of the hot, fierce battle conquered, not victorious. Certainly his attachment to Sonora, was not the childish, unreal thing, it had seemed at first. Opposition had fanned the flame, until now, in vigor and power, it resisted the ordinary control of reason. In cool moments, in the solitude of his own room he scorned himself for his treachery, he abhorred himself for his want of honor, and he even went so far as to make resolutions—which he broke, and to write letters of confession and penitence to Ruth—which he burned unsent. A sight of Sonora's sweet face undermined all good vows, and scattered repentance to the winds.

Ruth Hallowell's influence over him had suddenly waned, like that of many another woman whom he had made the idol of the hour before he encountered her. As for Ruth herself, she knew that something was going wrong with her lover, but never once did an idea of the truth flash over her mind. He was, as of old, very kind to her, punctiliously kind even, but her woman's heart found a suitable something lacking, which she could not define, and which eluded discovery.

"He is care-worn," she said cheerfully, "some family trouble which I ought not yet to ask to share, weighs on his mind. When it is removed, he will cease to be so capricious and abstracted as he seems now. Poor anxious Philip!"

After a little while, weary of this eternal contest between his good and evil natures, Mr. Ahrenfeldt decided to withdraw from the place of his temptation, and in absence, seek control and forgetfulness. He determined, for a few weeks, to leave the island.

As before, he revealed to no one this premeditated journey, but in silence and solitude reflected over its probable results.

Once and once only, before his departure, did he strive to shake Sonora Hallowell's integrity of purpose. He had avoided nervously all communication with her, since the night of the burning of the wreck. He had shrank from personal contact with her, as though she were some fabulous syren, who could charm and delude the world at will.

Low, purple clouds had hovered over the island all the day, hiding everything from view but the grim peaks of distant mountains, and the slender topmost points of ships lying becalmed in the offing. Gradually the sun broke through this soft, moving vapor, and as the hours grew towards noon, slowly, and like enchantment it rolled up the inland hills, and wreathed itself in delicate, billowy masses around their summits.

It was later in the day, and after it had become cooler, that Ruth and Sonora Hallowell, taking their sewing, wandered down to the seaside grave of a little brother, who had died years before, almost ere his life had taken hold upon their memories. The thought of death was not, and never had been, repulsive to the naturally gay temperament of the younger sister. She loved to resort there habitually and sit quietly sewing, while she sang fragments of song beside the neglected mound, for sturdy weeds, now torn up by their clinging roots, and cast away by her hand, once waved over the lonely spot unrebuked.

It was just at the close of a long, confidential conversation between the two, that Ruth said, as she rose to return to the house,

"After all, Sonora, we may bless our fortunate stars that it is no worse with us than it is. You and I have had hard things to bear in our time, but they are over now, and we can see the sunshine beyond us. I do not, for my part, regret the stern discipline of life through which I have passed. I am sure its effect has been to chasten. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to look back and thank Heaven for it!"

Her face beautified with the still happiness which had settled on her life, was lighted up with a trustful smile that told she did not fear much from the future. As she gathered up her working materials, and prepared to leave her sister, to return to the performance of some domestic duty at the lighthouse, she started and colored violently as she saw approaching them Philip, accompanied by a well-bred, matronly looking lady, whom at the first glance she felt assured was his mother, Mrs. Ahrenfeldt.

"We have been at the lighthouse looking for you," said Philip, gravely, and not finding you, have sought you here. Ruth, let me present you to my mother."

It was then indeed she!

He took her hand and led her quietly forward to where his mother stood, a cloud of bitter, bitter passion marring the outline of her face. She made no attempt to conceal it—it rested there a black, unseemly blot.

Ruth, greatly embarrassed, knew not how to act. She extended her hand—it was met and just touched icily by that of her mother-in-law elect—that was all. Sonora's little, shrinking bow of half-affrighted recognition met with no response at all.

"Miss Hallowell," said Philip's mother, "may I ask to see you alone for a few moments?"

Ruth, becoming re-assured, bowed stately assent, and made a movement as though to return to the lighthouse. Mrs. Ahrenfeldt followed.

"Mother," said Philip, in a tone in which it was not difficult to read anxiety, "allow me to request that—"

She interrupted him with a look and a short, excited gesture or wave of the arm. Such a look! He was silenced.

"Son," she replied, "you need not fear but that I shall remember who and what I am.—Whatever I have to say to Miss Hallowell, I shall still say, though I have come here contrary to your wishes. And if I appeal to her judgment for a better decision in this matter, it will be because I have heard of her always as a girl of good sense, notwithstanding her position may be that which renders her undesirable for my son's wife. Come."

Drawn strangely by the look of power, the fascinating command of her large, piercing eyes, Ruth obeyed, and followed, while the elder lady rapidly retraced her steps towards the lighthouse.

Ahrenfeldt and Sonora were thus alone together.

Bewildered by what had just occurred, Sonora scarcely thought of flight, and Ahrenfeldt made no attempt to resist by it the soothing influence of her presence. An abrupt, stern resolution took possession of his mind.

"I will ask," he said, "once more. If she chooses, if she dare, we may, we *shall* yet find peace. Peace!"

It happened, however, that this young girl, awakening from the perplexities of the late surprise, read at a glance her position. She saw in this man's pitiful face his affection and his despair as plainly written as in characters of fire. She took up her work as though intending to leave the spot.

A shade passed over Ahrenfeldt's brows as he saw this.

"Yes," he cried, aroused at once, "fly! Fly from my presence as though I were some animal of prey seeking whom I may devour — Am I, then, so hideous, so repellant, that the very sight of me is to be avoided?"

His expression seemed to strike her with deep pity. She had thought to leave him, but hearing this, hesitatingly she remained.

"You are neither, Philip," she said, gently.

"Then stay a moment. Speak to me. Charm this rare old devil out of my breast," and he smote himself passionately.

"I cannot."

"You cannot! With what a cold, steeled face you say it! Sonora, consider—more lies in your power than you imagine. I tell you over this grave, solemnly, reverently, that I love you. No other can ever be to me what you are."

He caught her hand, he pressed his lips to it again and again. Her wild resistance was as futile as the air. In his blue eyes was kindled an earnest light, which gave them both a depth and character which they had never possessed before.

"How dare you," cried Sonora, "how dare you speak so to me. It is cowardly, and because I am powerless to resist your superior strength, you insult me thus, you, before God, the husband of Ruth."

"I am not—I never will be."

"You both are and must be. What are you, that you treat human vows thus lightly?"

"What am I? I am, Sonora, your slave—your servant—anything which may bring me near you, and keep me there always."

"Say rather the slave of an attachment which degrades you and—me also."

"And which," he added, "you return. Do not start, or turn away. I know—I have long known that it is so. All your actions, weeks ago, bespoke it; your very avoidance of me both now and then, is its proof. And yet, Sonora, on this altar of mock duty—for it is not duty, but a false thing which has usurped its semblance, you will sacrifice both of us—you to a perverted, because misdirected existence, and me to a marriage with a woman whom now I have grown to detest, and the consequent unhappiness of all my days. For the last time, I entreat you to pause, reflect. Stretch out your hand, and accept for yourself a future of infinite serenity, for I will strive to make it so, oh, Sonora, if it be in the power of man. I will watch over you like a shepherd guarding his fold; I will be with you always, resting securely content in your companionship. Or—horrible thought, eternally avert your heart from me—condemn me—mock my wild wo—and curse my great love. Choose! yea or nay!"

There was silence, a long, long silence. Then drawing away her hand, which now Ahrenfeldt had unclasped from his own, drawing it from thraldom, Sonora answered solemnly:

"It is not I, that should dispense curses. But, oh, Philip, by a higher power than that of poor mortality indeed your love is accursed! It is, it is! On all emotions which prompt us to do evil that good may come, rests the disapprobation of Heaven. Listen; let me tell you—"

"I will not," he cried, fiercely, "you shall not stab me with such cool, calculating morality. It is not for me, nor I for it."

"Philip!"

She looked her rebuke, as well as spoke it. Then she went on again:

"You know, as I know, that your mother has come here to day, to persuade, to implore, even to command Ruth to release you from your engagement. Tell me truly, earnestly, is it not at your suggestion she has done this, although she strives to make it appear otherwise? Is it not because she has seen you willed it so, but did not dare—"

"Sonora, you try my patience too far! I dare do anything—anything! I am not all mildness, all humility, as you are aware. I am reckless to-day—take care."

"It is true then," cried Sonora, sadly. "I would not have thought it. Philip Ahrenfeldt, no woman ever bore in her heart a deeper, more woful attachment than I at this moment. I acknowledge it freely. But, unlike you, rather than yield to it one inch, one grain, or scheme and plot for its success, rather than do these dishonorable things, I will—*die!*"

Mr. Ahrenfeldt did not answer, or even look at her as she stood, flushed and trembling with the sincere utterance of her reproof. Without a word, he strode away and left her alone by that grave on the sea-shore.

The young girl sat down by it, and remained there, growing hourly whiter and colder, till the night fell.

Then slowly and mechanically she walked towards her home.

And on its threshold Ruth Hallowell met her with a kiss.

"Mrs. Ahrenfeldt has gone, and Philip with her," she said, with a smile. "I would not promise to renounce him—why should I? He is arrived at man's estate, and is his own master. And, oh, Sonora, I told *him* when he came to us, and he says that I am right, and that *he* will never give *me* up."

Ruth's suppositions as regarded Philip's family cares were strengthened into certainty, the next morning, when his boatman brought over the following note, written in a great unformed, hasty hand, very unlike his usual neat chicography:

"Dear Ruth:—I am suddenly called to New York, on family business of importance, which it is impossible to defer. I do not know when I may return. I have not time to bid you farewell, other than by letter. Peace be with you, Ruth—God bless you always. I will write soon. Say 'good-bye' for me to all at the island. You are far too good for such as I, and no one is better conscious of this than PHILIP AHRENFELDT."

He was gone then—gone for weeks, perhaps for months. Ruth Hallowell saddened as she read. It was sudden, unexpected. She knew not when they should meet again, but trusted implicitly in his faith and affection.

Ruth was not aware, and Sonora of course could not tell her, that the same messenger had brought, privately, a letter for *her* also. In the solitude of her room the girl-martyr read it, then in utter calmness, stood to watch it burn to ashes—for no eye but her own must behold it. It ran as follows:

"I accept the destiny you impose upon me. Ruth shall become my wife—that farce shall be played out to the end. Once before when I went away from the island, although you did not know it, I left it, as now, for your sake, and because I dared not remain. You have made worthless my whole future. I defy you to be happy." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Life-Stream;" "What Might Have Been, etc.;" "Musings;" "A Mother's Musings;" "The Sure Foundation;" "The Spirit's Consolation."

GRAPHO.—Respectfully declined.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

"Watchman, what of the night?" To this we make answer as of old, that "The morning cometh, and *also* the night." The longer the day has continued, the greater is the probability that the night is at hand.

But even the night has its compensations—its moonlight and its star-beams. And he is the wise theorist and the sensible practical man, who does not insist upon making the night darker and murkier than it really is, but who—admitting the fact that the darkness is again upon the earth—resolutely avails himself of all those lesser lights, artificial and natural, which enable us to obviate to no small degree the transient absence of the great primal source of light and heat.

Granting therefore that a state of comparative darkness as to monetary affairs is upon us, let us consider a little as to what is the part of wisdom under the circumstances.

And, in the first rank, we may put the obvious common sense dictate of not allowing our fears to make matters worse than they really are. In all cases where there is real Danger, the greatest danger is that a foolish fear and panic will increase that Danger threefold. Take the instance of a shipwreck, the breaking out of a fire in a crowded assembly, &c.,—in such cases there is no little danger, but the danger is greatly, often infinitely increased, by a sudden fright and panic.—Now in the present financial distress, no one with moderate discernment will pretend that it is groundless—that there is no just cause for alarm. The withdrawal of about twelve millions of dollars in little more than a month from circulation, by the banks of the city of New York alone—an example more or less closely followed by the banks all through the country—is certainly a matter of no little moment, when considered in its necessary effects upon trade and business. But, suppose we add to this a monetary panic which shall succeed in locking up in the hands of individuals—as a consequence of universal mistrust—additional tens of millions, are we not making matters a great deal worse than there is any necessity for?

We admit that while confidence is "a plant of slow growth," it is also necessarily one of rapid decay and death. But so vital is its existence to the prosperity of a commercial community, that it is better that something should be risked, than that it should be allowed to wither and die without an effort to preserve it. In times like these, the circle of a man's confidence may be lessened—prudence, in fact, will demand it—but certainly every one knows at least a few in whose character and promises he can implicitly trust; and it is not the part of prudence, but of madness, to act as if these too were probably faithless. Let us, therefore, while guarding against being engulfed by reposing confidence in those we do not fully know, not be prevented from putting a reasonable trust in those whom in times past of financial trial and difficulty we have never found wanting. Were no man to aid his neighbor in such periods, every man would make it threefold harder for himself.

And there is one mode of affording aid in times like these, which it becomes those who happen to have the means in their hands, industriously to practise. We mean, PAY YOUR DEBTS. If you owe money, and have the dollars in your purse, or credited to your bank account, now is the time, above all others, to help the community at large by doing a simple duty. You pay A, that A may pay B, and B pay C—and so on through the whole alphabet. If you have *plenty* of means, even anticipate your debts, when not strictly due, and do the whole country, *yourself included*, a service.

"Yourself included," we have said. That it is your interest, we can show in many ways. In the first place, if you hold on to the money instead of paying it away, it may turn to nothing in your hands. Banks are liable to break in times like these—now, then, of all others, is the time for the "nimble sixpence." But again. In proportion to the stringency of the times, will be the decrease of value of all that you possess—produce, stocks, real estate. Whatever action of yours is calculated to lessen that stringency, is calculated to prevent your own means from decreasing in value from day to day. Now, money paid to the man you owe, is better than thrice that amount loaned him—and the amount of debt cancelled by every dollar thus set afloat in the community, it were hard to calculate.

We would most earnestly enjoin, therefore, upon all our readers who happen to be in a position to pay the least of their debts, to pay now at once. East and West, North and South, let all pay up who can, as far as they can. Remember it is the small rain-drops that make the rivulets that make the rivers that make the mighty oceans. Let all, therefore, pay up who can, to the extent they can—and let those who really cannot pay, be borne with a little more patiently than usual.

And we hope it will not be considered invidious, if we enjoin this paying of debts even more especially upon those in the West and other portions of the Union, who owe the merchants in the great Eastern cities. The latter are bearing the first shock of the storm. Let their country creditors now remember them, so far as they are able, without waiting for the usual periods of transmitting. One dollar now may be worth two hereafter. And, as to the effect of a continued financial prostration in the East upon Western and other country interests, these are so evident that Western men especially need scarcely be reminded of them. When it is remembered moreover that—in the opinion of many sagacious men—the present crisis has come upon the East as the result of too much capital being diverted to investments in Western railroads and Western lands, there would seem to be a peculiar justice in the West doing all it can at this juncture in aid of its Eastern brethren. Certainly if the storm be not breasted here, it will not pause in its prostrating career before the whole country bows beneath its influence.

In relation to the causes of the present crisis, we have alluded to one of them. Another is shown by the following official table of Imports and Exports for the year ending July 1, 1857:

Imports—Free goods,	$ 54,267,507
Dutiable,	294,160,835
Total imports,	$348,428,342
Foreign Exports—Free goods,	$4,313,862
Dutiable,	10,591,647
Domestic Produce, &c.,	278,906,713
Total exports,	$293,812,222

Leaving a balance of $54,000,000 to be met by an export of the precious metals. And it was so met—a balance of over $56,000,000 of *specie* having been exported during the year. And this is the way we have been "progressing," not for one year alone but for the last *seven* years. The following table is worth consulting:

Exports of specie from 1851 to 1857, inclusive,	$311,980,812
Imports,	42,247,848
Excess of exports in 8 years,	$269,712,964

In other words, we have exported an average of nearly thirty-nine millions of specie annually for seven consecutive years, or more than two whole cotton crops of the United States. The contrast with our doings before the California discoveries, is somewhat remarkable:

Imports of specie from 1821 to 1850, inclusive,	$201,220,097
Exports,	192,824,308
Excess of imports,	$70,695,789

From 1821 to 1850, we received on an average from foreign countries, $2,000,000 of specie annually; from 1851 to 1857, we sent abroad about $40,000,000 annually. Something of a difference here. Of course, it must be remembered that we were "raising" in California during all this latter period about $50,000,000 a year—so that a balance of some $10,000,000 a year has been left annually in the country, in addition to the large amount, variously computed, brought in by emigrants.

Now as to this expenditure of $40,000,000 a year, we do not regard it so seriously as some people do. As we have said, we "raised" it, as much as we raised our wheat and corn—and if it was spent or exchanged—the words have the same meaning—wisely, its loss is not to be regretted. But we are fearful it went, to too great a degree, for things which we could have well done without—for silks, and ribbons, and gewgaws, and various other rather superfluous articles.

It probably, however, would not have gone thus, had the currency been left simply to the stimulation it received from the influx of so much gold from California. But this was not the case. Our bankers took advantage of the receipts of gold, to base upon this solid foundation a further emission of paper, and thus made the mischief of sudden wealth doubly mischievous. Where money was already plenty, they made it dirt cheap—and thus, to their unwise action, much of the present mischief is to be attributed. As we have said this repeatedly during the last five years, and warned our readers against the natural and inevitable results, we may be allowed to say it once more, when the state of facts is such as to impress it more dursbly upon the general mind.

There is much censure cast upon "the banks," and much is deserved by them, but it is not often very discriminating. They are blamed for the present Contraction—but they should be blamed for the past unwise Expansion, which has rendered the contraction under which we are now suffering necessary But who, of all who now censure "the banks," blamed them when they were loaning money in all directions, and thus encouraging the wildest speculations? Ah, no—*then* it was all right. The banks were great institutions. And yet *then* was the time to have blamed them.

The New York Banks—which are the head and front of the present offending—now are bending their whole efforts to save themselves from the effects of their expansive folly. And it is of the most vital importance to the whole country that they should save themselves—selfish as such a policy seems and is. Things are bad enough already—but they would be tenfold worse if the banks should not be able to maintain their credit. They must do it—and if the present rapid contraction is necessary to enable them to do it—and of that they necessarily have to be the sole present judges—they are acting wisely now, however madly they may have been acting heretofore.

We confess, for our own part, that we do not clearly understand the nature of the crisis which seems so suddenly to have come upon the banks of New York. Certainly it betokens no great amount of financial sagacity on their part, to be caught entirely unprepared by such a tempest. And if they were aware of the storm approaching, why did they wait till the very last moment before they began to take in sail, and thus warn the community of their danger?

Intimately connected doubtless with the present monetary distress, is the Railroad system. We suppose we may say, without exaggeration, that the aggregate value of the Railroad stocks of this country is not more than half of what it was five years ago. In other words, half of the capital invested in Railroads has been sunk by those who invested it. This amounts to a positive loss of tens of millions by the capitalists of the country, however much the agricultural community and the country at large may have profited. And it is probable that this immense depreciation of Railroad stocks and loans, is the most direct cause of the present financial derangement.

One fact is established—Railroads, as at present conducted, and at the old rates of charges, as a general thing will not pay. Too little allowance has been made for the necessary wear and tear of embankments, bridges, rails, cars and locomotives. While roads have been new, they have paid a fair interest—but as "wear and tear" have begun to develope themselves, their profits have declined. In all parts of the country, even in thickly settled New England, we are taught the same lesson.

Now one of three things is certain. Either that Railroads must be run at a rate that will pay the builders a fair dividend; or that the community at large must charge themselves with the cost of their construction and running; or that no new roads will be built. For our part, we think it only just and right, that every railroad should charge such rates as will enable it, with economical and honest management, to pay a fair profit on the capital invested. If, instead of the cut-throat competition of the last five years, the railroads generally mutually had agreed upon fair and living rates for the transport of merchandise and passengers, their stocks would be at par, the financial condition of the country vastly better than it is, and the prospect of new and greatly needed roads being constructed, much more favorable than it at present appears.—Were we even now able to announce that such rates of transportation and travel had been fixed upon by all the great leading Roads, as would render the payment of fair dividends upon the capital invested in them almost a certainty, we should doubtless do a great deal to remove at once the present financial depression.

We do not deny that there has probably been much waste and indiscreetness in the management of nearly all the great roads. As to the payment of a certain amount of excessive interest, that it has not always been possible to avoid. It has often seemed a necessary incident to the construction of important roads—and the yearly incomes of the roads therefore should be required to cover it. But when we see railroad employees becoming rapidly well-to-do on comparatively small salaries—and hear jestings relative to the two ends of a road being very far asunder—we may reasonably demand that the managers of railroads should institute such a system of checks as will prevent the possibility of the stockholders being plundered by their own agents to any serious amount. But how can we expect this oversight from managers, who are themselves so lost to every sentiment of honor as to use their position merely as a means to better their own selfish interests, by speculating in the stocks of the roads and in property along their routes, to say nothing of other even more unjustifiable doings. Doubtless there are few railroads in the country, upon which much money is not yearly lost, not only by direct pilferings, but by large secret per centages allowed their agents by firms from whom the purchases of the company are made—by the passage of "deadheads" in the cars at the pleasure of the conductors—and in various other modes which unscrupulous officers have the rascally shrewdness to invent.

But the subject is one of many bearings, and our article is already, we fear, too long for our readers. We close, therefore, with a reversal of the quotation with which we began, begging all to remember that as the night cometh, so also the morning will come in due season. And, in order that the morning may the sooner come, we would refer the reader once more to the means we have above advised of lessening the present financial distress; being convinced that in a reasonable Economy—in Paying all we Owe, at once, as far as we can—in keeping up a Cheerful and Resolute Spirit—and in resolving that, by the help of Heaven, whatever reverses come, we will at least Maintain our Integrity—the surest promise of Better Times undoubtedly will be found.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

Since the time when the throes of "that world's earthquake, Waterloo," convulsed and changed the destinies of Christendom, nothing has so powerfully excited the public mind as the present revolt in India. The universal feeling is that the entire future of Europe is involved in the result of the conflict between Britain and Hindostan. No further news has reached us from India. Delhi is still in the hands of the natives. The British reinforcements are on their way to the scene of action—marching in the rainy season, with the scorching climate, the cholera, and a thousand weary, torrid miles of travel to combat before they can front the foe. The English journals are gloomy—even the blatant *Times*—"the bloody old *Times*," as Cobbett used to call it—bellows with a more uncertain sound, and hazards no prophecies on the doubtful issue. All over the Continent, the journals, the foreign correspondents, the "lookers-on in Vienna," Berlin, Baden-Baden, Paris, and other centres of civilization and diplomacy, and the deep conviction of the public mind, agree in asserting that Russia is moving against Britain in this Indian rebellion, and that Russian skill now leagues with Indian rancor to defend the walls of Delhi. In that wild psalm of hatred which now surges sombrely from the colossal cities and ricefields of Hindostan, up to the sharpest ridges of her engrailed hills, the thoughtful listener hears an undertone of Russian voices, swelling the menace against England. Everywhere in Europe, say the English residents, writing home to their newspapers, the numerous Russians avoid the natives of Britain, openly avow their hostility to that country, and declare that the downfall of its power in India is at hand. It is also said that the present Czar and Louis Napoleon are taking counsel together. If the result of their commune should prove to be a coalition against the British in India, India will be the scene of a more dreadful conflict than the English had anticipated, and it is almost safe to say that out of that conflict, England cannot hope to come victorious. For aught we can see, the Stiltstalkings and Barnacles of the Circumlocution Office have a most difficult affair on their hands just at present, and they are not only likely to lose India, as they once lost America, but to be overthrown themselves, in the process of the contest. For they have not only China and India with all their possible allies, to combat, but they also have to meet the roaring tempest of accusation and anger, which already begins to beat against their fortress of imbecility and mal-administration, and which may blow it with all its protocols, precedents, and inanity of red-tapery "o'er the world's edge to limbo." It is no light matter when an indignant nation, touched at once in its pride and pocket, thunders out a charge of How-not-to-do it ism against its Government. This is just what the English people, through many a public press and pamphlet, and even in Parliament, are now doing. The cotton-kings of Manchester and the merchant-princes of London, finding their precious pounds sterling very much in peril at present, and ascertaining that this danger is clearly traceable to the conduct of the numbskulls and savages to whom the Government confided the direction of affairs in India, and to the beetle-headed and blind-worm conduct of the Government itself, now begin to call the Government to account for it all. In vain the London *Times*—stung to the quick by the exposure of the monstrous blunder it made when, at the outbreak of the Indian revolution, it called the revolt a mere military mutiny—endeavors, confessing by implication the mal-administration, to shift the blame on the East India Company. Who gave the East India Company its power?—who suffered its centrial course of idiot avarice and insane brutality to run unwarned and unrepressed?—retorts the common-sense of England! Who filled the appointments at Madras, Calcutta and Bombay with titled stock jobbers, whose cupidity has wrought this ruin?—who gave the command of Indian armies to bullet-heads and debauchees?—howls back the East India Company! Who lost us the American colonies?—who sowed the flame of a quenchless hatred in the heart of Ireland?—who alienated the loyalty of Canada?—who perilled the issue of the late Russian war by inertness and incapacity?—who mismanages and obstructs everything at home and abroad?—and who now stakes our possessions in the East on the hazard of a die?—roars a storm of various British voices! Well may "bold power look pale" when such a tornado of interrogation comes thundering against its turrets, "dim-pinnacled in the intense inane!" Chartism, too, and many-millioned democracy as well, fling their hard scoffs and bitter gibes at the hoary fortress of misrule. Though *Punch* again chequers the persiflage and pasquinades of its pages, with a great wood-cut, representing a British officer holding aloft a flag on which the British Lion leaps to revenge the Bengal tiger's slaughter of an English woman and her child, while below a mopping and mowing crowd of chaw-bacons come trooping around, hay fork and sickle in hand, and prints beneath the picture "Willing Recruits for India"—yet the cheap-press of England, the organ of those very rustics, responds to the governmental appeal for soldiers in a tone of illiterate, but bitter and earnest, rhodomontade which, scoffingly entreating, as it does the laboring classes to make haste to enlist and risk their lives in the service of a Government that, in times of public safety, only neglects and tramples on them, augurs ill for the chances of very many "willing recruits for India" being obtainable in that quarter. There too "the tempest sings i' the wind!" Altogether, British affairs are rushing to a very curious crisis, and it is matter for serious speculation to consider what are to be the results of these assaults from without and these disorders within, not only as regards the future of Europe and the East, but also the social and governmental future of Great Britain. It is in just such convulsions as this, that the time-bettering spirit of the ages, pushes its cause, and wins its triumphs. These are the golden opportunities of the classes and interests which despotism spends its force to crush and cripple. Insolent high-Toryism in the public places of Britain, now engaging with foreign foes, and needing sorely the help of the classes it despises, and the parties it combats, must concede their demands to gain their support—demands which this bold Young England will be sure to urge at such a time. Thus the spirit of reform gains its ground. Then if by the aid of France or Russia, or both, India drops from the British crown, as it certainly will if those governments join in the battle, the whole face of Europe will be changed. The entire East will pass into other hands. Russia, as the brilliant Henry Heine prophecied to all Germany, may enlarge her revenues by her new possessions, thus gaining stronger sinews of war, and move down over Europe, overturning old dynasties, and changing the former order of things. France, if Louis Napoleon lives, will share the public cheese. Young England, very much exasperated and disgusted with the Stiltstalkings, to whose misrule this disastrous turn of affairs will be referred, may improve the occasion to make short work of the Circumlocution Office, and all the old placemen, and begin again on other principles. Let us hope, in the event of these possibilities becoming verified, that Young England may not drop the lesson they afford, but may learn that simple justice to all men is the only basis for enduring government, the only condition of a far-reaching, well-established national prosperity.

A GREAT SHIPWRECK.

What Orientalist is it that speaks of "the chill Sansar—the icy wind of death?" Such a wind, blowing from the sea, touches all our foreheads, as we hear of the loss of the California Mail Steamship Central America, (formerly the George Law). She went down off Cape Hatteras, on the twelfth of September, and with her upwards of four hundred people perished! As far as we know, not more than a hundred and fifty were saved!

It is from the statement of one of the survivors—Mr. Henry H. Childs, of New York—that we have our account of the catastrophe. The America left Havana on the 8th inst., when the sea was only slightly ruffled, and a fair breeze blew. On the next day, while the steamer sped along, the fair breeze blew stronger, and as night darkened down, torrents of rain dropped from the clouded skies. On the succeeding day, the breeze had become the breath of the hurricane, and the convulsed sea ran mountains high. The day following, while the tempest raged with unabated fury, it became known to the passengers that the ship had sprung a leak. A line of men was formed, who went to work and bailed out the engine room, so that the fires, which the rising water had extinguished, could be lighted again. The laboring engines clanked once more, and the ship struggled on through the tremendous sea, but soon the leak baffled the efforts of the workers, the waters rose, the fires went out, the engines were still. All that night while the wind blew with torrent-force, and the great vessel rose and fell with the vast undulations of the waves, the water below also rose, and the men worked on. The furious dawn of the last day came, shedding its scowling light on the fated vessel. Still the men worked on. But at two o'clock the storm lulled the clouds broke, and with new hope, the men toiled like giants. At four o'clock, a sail rose on the dismal horizon, and guns were fired. It was the brig Marine of Boston. She came near and the men ceased their work to put all the women and children aboard the brig, who were thus all saved. As evening came another sail was seen, was spoken, and came near, promising assistance. But the storm drove her off, and soon the sinking steamer was alone on the wild waters. Night came on, and as for the first time a heavy sea broke over the upper deck of the vessel, hope of her keeping afloat was abandoned. Life-preservers were distributed among the passengers, and rockets were fired. Suddenly, while the wind howled, and the sea swirled and surged around the vessel, they saw through the darkness, a vast Alleghany chain of water, rise, and come drifting and thundering towards them. The next moment it passed over the vessel, and she sunk instantly. Alone on the wide ocean, with the darkness around them, and the vast sighs of the subsided storm above, four hundred souls swam together. They kept near each other swimming with the run of the waves and cheering each other, for two or three hours. At the end of that time, they began to be exhausted. Gradually, one by one, they sank into eternity. At midnight the narrator was nearly alone upon the water, two hundred miles from land. He could hear the signal-shouts of his fellows, but could not see them. In an hour afterward he saw a vessel a mile off, swam toward her, and reached her when nearly exhausted. It was a Norwegian barque. She cruised about the scene of disaster for several hours, but found and took on board only forty nine persons, out of more than four hundred. All the rest had gone down.

The steamer had on board about two millions of dollars in gold, which was lost. But the loss of losses is the human life that is gone, which leaves so much anguish behind. It is to be hoped that this vessel was not of a build which would not enable her to stand such a storm. If unfit for the service, on the heads of her owners be the responsibility for this loss. It is also said that she was not provided with boats sufficient to save more than one-half of her passengers. If this be true, again are her owners responsible. It is time—it has been time for the last fifty years, and will be, we fear, for the next fifty—that people who thus peril and lose human life should be made to answer for it. Believing, as we do, in miracles, we have strong hopes that there may yet be public spirit and public sense enough to work this.

PAY UP.—We have alluded, in one of our editorials this week, to the beneficial results of Paying Up in times like these. Of course, we do not mean to forget our own subscribers when invoking others. Money sent to us in the shape of subscription dues, shall go at once to paying for paper and printing, and thus directly benefit several classes of society, as well as aid in invigorating the whole financial atmosphere. Subscribers need never be particular as to the exact time their accounts are due; if they happen to pay us a little in advance, the receipt we will send in return will clearly show it.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The exhibition, last week, in this city, although not equal to some in years past in mere ornamental respects, gave proof that the culture of fruits and flowers was by no means deteriorating in this vicinity.

New Publications.

CAPTAIN MOLLY, THE STORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN, By THRACE TALMON, (Derby & Jackson, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is a clever scenic and suggestive tale of Revolutionary times, which only wants intensification and a more robust and homely realism, to elevate it to a higher fictive rank than it now occupies. The heroine is, in some sort, an idealization of the famous Moll Pitcher, whose bluff pluck and heroism wins our regard as she looms out in history through the black powder cloud of the battle of Monmouth, serving the brass gun over the gashed corpse of her husband. The story is interesting with a constant stir of action and passion; —hair-breadth escapes, forest adventures, scenes of grief and bravery, private peril and public battle, flashing in its tissue with softer suffusions of old-time interiors and sylvan scenery, sketches of graphic and amusing character, love-scenes and life-scenes, all involving glances and glimpses at the homes, the furniture, the costumes, the manners, the social and domestic life of the men and women of eighty years ago. Of course this little drama could not bring before us so many active and vivid figures—our grandfathers and grandmothers, in "their habits as they lived"—Colonels and cow boys—tories and refugees—soldiers, Indians, reprobates, patriots and lovers—without inspiring some interest; and our readers will find their fancy quickened, and their attention drawn smoothly along from the beginning to the end of this pleasing and colored narrative.

MOSS SIDE, by MARIAN HARLAND, (Derby & Jackson, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) recalls "Alone" and "The Hidden Path," by the same author, which were also readable novels. The present work has already been awarded by the newspaper critics a place beside "Jane Eyre," which is unfortunate, since it bears no possible comparison with Charlotte Bronte's profound and masterly fiction, which was an event in literature, and marks an epoch. "Moss-Side" is an agreeable story, not without glimmerings and clear rays of real power. It is told with feeling, and has a good moral purpose. Its dramatic force is somewhat weakened by an undue elaboration The action tarries too frequently among unimportant and uninteresting details. But the story suggests thought, and disarms criticism by its kindly spirit and very evident good intentions.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, By CHARLES DICKENS, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is uniform with the duodecimo edition of the great novelist's works which we have noticed so often, and which we again commend to all persons wishing a cheap and handsome edition of these novels. This is the work which, as every one remembers, so excited our national ire at the time of its first appearance; but apart from all that, it is one of the finest of Dickens's works, as every one admits who remembers that unique knave, Peckaniff, that wonderful Mrs. Gamp, Bailey, Jr., Mrs. Todgers, Jonas Chuzzlewit, little Ruth, and more than all beside, gentle Tom Pinch, who sits playing on the organ, in the hearts of all of us.

THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW (Presbyterian Publishing House, Philada.) September, has among other matter, a review of the life and works of Charlotte Bronte, strikingly intelligent, comprehensive, and eloquent.

THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a cheap edition of the well-known work of Don Juan Antonio Llorente, a Secretary of the modern Spanish tribunal.

EVERETT'S PIANO FORTE INSTRUCTOR is for sale by Lee & Walker, 188 Chestnut Street.

I have placed a golden
Ring upon the hand
Of the sweetest little
Lady in the land!

When the royal roses
Scent the sunny air,
I shall gather white ones
For my darling's hair!

Hasten, happy roses,
Come to me by May—
In your folded petals
Lies my wedding-day!

—*T. B. Aldrich*

☞ It is known to those who are addicted the luxury of early rising, that the planet enus, now the morning star, looks unusually arge at this time—larger, brighter, and more eautiful than ever it appeared to us before. A country editor accounts for the fact by saying that Venus has taken to hoops. Is Venus morning star?

WHAT constitutes a Church?
Not Roman, basilic or Gothic pile,
With fretted roof, tall spire and long drawn aisle,
These only mock thy search,
Fantastic sepulchres when all is said!
Seek not the living Church among the dead.

☞ The most dangerous kind of bat that es at night is the *brick bat*.

☞ I know but one elevation of a human eing, and that is elevation of soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man ands, or what he possesses; and with it he wears; he is one of God's nobility—no matwhat place he holds in society.—*Channg.*

☞ A secret has been admirably defined "anything made known to everybody in a hisper."

☞ Silence never shows itself to so great advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

☞ Which is the merriest place in the orld? That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think, ecause I am told that there all bodies lose eir gravity.

☞ A CURIOUS FACT.—Children are the st judges of character at first sight in the orld. There is an old Scotch proverb, 'hey are never cannie that dogs and bairns like."

LETTER FROM LONDON.

A VISIT TO MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

LONDON, Sept. 4, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The "Exhibition of the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom," now being held at Manchester, and where I spent last week, is truly the most marvellous and magnificent collection of works of art ever brought together. Much as one may have heard of its beauty and value before seeing it, the universal confession, after a visit, is that it far transcends all one's previous expectations and ideas, and really deserves to be the cynosure of "Pilgrims of the Beautiful" from every part of the earth.

Imagine a vast, handsome edifice, roofed with glass, and forming a nest of large and lofty galleries, containing nine English miles of paintings; not an ordinary Fine Arts Exhibition, in which good, bad and indifferent are jumbled together, but the very "cream of the cream," every several picture being a chosen gem, selected by the wealthiest art patrons, and keenest connoisseurs, and often purchased at enormous cost; the pride and glory of ancient ancestral halls, the dwellings of the rich and the cultivated from one end of the land to the other. And all this vast collection of treasures arranged with an amount of tact and discernment, an attention to the needs and wishes of the public, and an eye to facility of examination and reference, such as never before has been attempted in any similar undertaking.

The Exhibition is divided into two divisions, viz., those of the Ancient and the Modern Masters; and contains pictures of every epoch, every school, and almost of every painter.—Besides these two main divisions, several minor ones, adopted with a view to facilitate examination and classification, assist the visitor to make his way, profitably and pleasantly, amidst the overwhelming riches here brought together.

The display of Sculpture, Water-color and other Drawings, Engravings, Lithographs and Photographs, is also magnificent; and the immense mass of objects of *vertu*—Ivory and wood Carvings, Porcelain, Pottery, Glass, Jewels, Reliquaries, Armour, Weapons, Bronzes, Oriental articles, Tapestries, &c., are equally interesting in their own way.

When it is remembered that the mere money-value of the objects here brought together amounts to no less than $20,000 000, that all these treasures are gratuitously loaned by their possessors—including the Queen and all classes of her subjects—that the building and all its precious contents are fully insured, and that the price of entrance is but one shilling, (with one half crown day for exclusives, and one sixpenny day for the masses,) you may readily imagine how much generous feeling, how much disinterested labor, and how much genuine desire to promote the knowledge and love of art among all classes of society, must have been actively at work in the getting up, and carrying out, of this noble enterprise of private and voluntary good-will.

The very strong feeling existing in England against the opening of places of intellectual amusement on Sundays, has compelled the Exhibition Committee to close the place on that day; and as Sunday is the only day on which a large proportion of the laboring population of these busy islands could manage to visit a display of this kind, it may be anticipated that the benefit to be derived from a visit to this noble collection, will fall principally to the lot of the upper and middle classes. Still, a vast number of the mere working-population, and especially of the districts lying around Manchester, have visited the building; and as cheap trains are being organized from innumerable points of that region, a goodly number of the habitually "unwashed," will have visited it on sixpenny days.

It is not a little amusing to observe the demeanor of the humbler portion of the visitors to the Exhibition in question; and to overhear their comments on the pictures as they pass before them. And crude and comical as are sometimes the utterances of these unsophisticated visitors, one often seizes a remark that shows how soon, with opportunities within their reach, many of those who appear the least apt to understand and profit by an inspection of works of art, would really become appreciating lovers of these higher spheres from which they are now so generally shut out. It is truly a pleasant sight, these groups of humbly clad visitors, generally including the father, mother, baby, and three or four older children, with one or two grown-up cronies, all scrupulously combed, their noses shining with the soaping and scrubbing they have gone through with in the course of their toilette, and well and substantially clad, though generally presenting unusual assemblages of colors, styles and tissues in their habiliments. The improvement visible in the rigging of the laboring population here, during the last twenty years, is a striking and very hopeful symptom. Wages are higher, and all the necessaries of life are lower, and the attention given by manufacturers to the supply of cheap and pretty articles of dress with direct reference to the tastes and pockets of the vast working population of this country, has led to a transformation of appearance on the part of the latter, which would fill with astonishment any observer who should return to this country after such a sleep as that of the immortal Dutchman. And certainly it must be admitted "the clothes we wear," are, in their effects upon the feeling and deportment of the wearer, among the most influential of the various classes of environing circumstances that tell so powerfully on the social and moral life.

Refreshment-rooms are provided, at different prices, to suit the means of the heterogeneous visitors; but they are ill managed, and create much just complaint.

Parties bringing their own provisions are very properly forbidden to eat in the galleries; but the rule which, in the earlier times of the present enterprise, prohibited the eating of food not bought and consumed in the refreshment-rooms, has been wisely relaxed; and several spacious courts have been set apart for the accommodation of the crowds of poorer visitors, who generally bring a baby, a large cotton umbrella, and a great basket of "prog." The Exhibition being not in Manchester, but in the village of Old Trafford, a few miles out of the city, and reached by rail, the possibility of bringing with them a stock of substantial fare for a long and fatiguing day of "sight-seeing," is often a turning-point in deciding visitors of this class to come and look at the pictures.

It is a curious fact that the fine concerts of instrumental music, and the glorious strains poured forth from the piles of the noble organ at the upper end of the Nave, seem to pass unheeded by the class of visitors just alluded to. The eye seems to receive much more general discipline from ordinary life than the ear; the latter remaining rude and almost inactive, when the eye has already reached a certain point of development. When the peals of the organ roll through the long, lateral galleries of the building, a general move to the transept takes place among the more elegant portion of the visitors; and by the time the concert begins, every available seat is filled in the neighborhood of the orchestra. But scarcely any of the poorer visitors are to be seen there; they pay no heed whatsoever to the "linked sweetness" of Mozart, Beethoven or Mendelsohn, and a Fugue of Bach is mere noise to them. Some few, however, pause and listen when they recognize the air of "God Save the Queen," which forms a stereotyped portion of every musical programme in England: while the whole vast auditory, on the commencement of the national hymn, rise quietly to their feet, the men all uncovering, and remain standing during its performance. As there is no singing at these concerts, the air in question is merely played: but to hear it sung, on some public occasion, when, at every recurrence of the chorus, tens of thousands of voices join in with the hearty enthusiasm and patriotic feeling which are among the best parts of the English character, is to feel how strong is the tie which, despite social disparities and political divergence, binds the hearts of all classes of the nation to the unity of which the Queen is the symbol, and how great is the common stock of strength thus contributed, and thus shared by all.

A ramble through the beautiful Botanical Gardens adjoining the Exhibition, generally forms the last feature in the day's enjoyment of the class of visitors who are so deaf to the charms of Music; and the Mammoth Excursion Trains, at the close of the afternoon, are crammed as full as they can hold with retreating crowds, going back to their homes with weary feet, delighted countenances, a satisfied conviction of having "had the worth of their money," and an immense array of empty baskets.

QUANTUM.

A DRAMA OF THE ROAD.

It started hours later than the heavy coach, and would arrive long before that huge conveyance. It was, besides, a smoother, and more graceful mode of travelling, this by post-chaise. As to the propriety of going forward at all that night—it was the proprietor of a certain French wayside house of entertainment who was speaking—it was not of course for him to counsel monsieur. (Shrug.) He would merely submit (shrug) that certain wretches had been heard of *lately* along the road—wretches who came from behind hedges, and used travellers with small courtesy. *Mon Dieu!* was it not only the other day that the Great St. Omer coach was stopped by a band of these outlaws, the ill-fated travellers being stripped of everything, even to their upper garments? It was not for him to speak. There was in his house cheer of the very best; everything comfortable. On the morrow there would be ravishing weather; and if he were in monsieur's place—

There was a sound philosophy in what the good host was putting forward; and there was, besides, a snug aspect about his house, even more seducing than his arguments; to say nothing of a certain persuasive savor, as of impending stews and rich soups. But it fell out, unhappily, that I was at that time journeying homewards in hot haste, and could not afford to lose an hour. I must confess, too, I had but slender faith in the robber-legends, holding them as a transparent innkeeper's device for the decoying of weak and timorous souls.

When, then, did this post-chaise come by?

It would be here in—say about half-an-hour; at—say six o'clock. The cook would have just time to get ready the divinest little beefsteak, with a garnish—say of pistachio-nut, with potato *a la maitre d'hotel* (ubiquitous, but ever welcome); or, indeed, anything else that monsieur would please to name. As to wine, a flask of the choicest should be standing before monsieur in rather less than a minute.

Flinty indeed must have been the heart that could have withstood mine host's wistful offer. Though I believed not in his beefsteaks and pistachio-garnish, no, nor in the acid watery mixture which I knew would shortly figure on the table, I felt as though I had defrauded him of his anticipated prey, and was bound in honor to do something for the good of the house. So he went his way rejoicing, and soon was busy with all his household manufacturing the beefsteak. Such virtue as mine was not to go without its fitting reward. In course of time the beefsteak came up, strangely charred and sodden—a gristly stringy morsel; and the wine, but for its tint, an admirable substitute for table vinegar.

In about an hour's time, when I was looking ruefully at the beefsteak, which remained much in the same state as when it came up, I heard the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs clattering over stones outside. Running over to the window, I saw the post-chaise coming up in good style to the door. It had grown dark by this time, but I could make out pretty well what kind of vehicle it was: a light, britzka-like vehicle, with capacious hood and huge springs, with a pair of fiery rough-coated quadrupeds attached, who bore signs of having come this last stage at a headlong pace—this was the post chaise. Seated aloft, with his horses well in hand, was a smart moustached figure—the driver of the post chaise—now busy cracking his whip, and calling to the inhabitants of the inn with melodious *Ola! Ola!* He could give some account, if called on, of terrific hillside descents, of desperate precipices barely shaved, of runaway beasts with bit between their teeth—all, perhaps, all within the compass of that last stage. There he sat, chanting fragments of a post-song popular among his brethren, cracking his whip, every now and again calling fiercely and with malediction on the man of all work to come forth. To him presently appeared the over-worked being who performed the various duties of waiter, ostler, boots, chambermaid, and very likely, judging by the day's performance, those of chief cook. He brought a pail of steaming compound for the horses, furnishing, besides, pleasing recreation to the driver on the box, who was skillfully directing strokes of his whip within perilous range of the attendant's person. This I noted, from the window, waiting until it should please my host to bring me his little account. But looking further into the depths of that vast hood, I made out something that looked like the shadowy outlines of figures, significant of the presence of fellow-travellers. At the same moment, sounds of excited language, mingled with *sacres* and such profane adjuration, reached my ear. I stood out upon the top of the stairs to listen.

"Are we to stay here all night? What do we wait for; is not every minute precious to me? We must get forward to-night, I tell you. Ten thousand *sacres*, yes."

Host, in mortal fright, was murmuring something about a stranger who was going on that night.

"What stranger? Where is he? The post-chaise is for us hear you; for us alone."

By this time I was standing upon the top of the last flight, and saw in the hall, by the light of a flickering rush-candle held by the host, a figure with coal-black hair and beard gesticulating violently. When he perceived me descending the stairs he became quite calm of a sudden, and taking off his hat, bowed low to the ground.

"Monsieur is to be our fellow-traveller, it seems,' he said, in a deep musical voice. 'It will enlighten our dreary progress wonderfully. Permit me to make myself known to you as M. Poirotte. Madame, who is in the carriage, will be charmed to know you."

I could only reciprocate such truly French approaches by others as gracious, and was being desolated at the bare idea of incommoding madame, when there came to us in clear tones from the box of the post-chaise—

"Oh, hang it, gentlemen! why do we tarry? These brutes of mine are pulling like ten thousand devils!"

"After you," said M. Poirotte, making for the door. "After you. Oh, yes, after you!"

And at some risk from the capricious movements of the horses, I was with difficulty lifted into the post-chaise, and found myself seated safely facing my new fellow-travellers. With a sudden lurch our steeds sprang off, scattering stones and gravel profusely; a hollow concussion, repeated at intervals, signifying that the body of the vehicle had been struck by the hoofs of these spirited animals.

After a few versts or so of journeying, M. Poirotte begged to be allowed the honor of introducing me to madame. I could see nothing of madame's face or figure; but a low voice came forth from the depths of the hood, murmuring some sounds I could not well make out. Presently M. Poirotte grew communicative, and, it must be confessed, very entertaining on sundry passages of his past life, which were of Bohemian tinge. He had travelled over many lands, and had seen strange countries. In short, before many minutes were over, I was persuaded that I had opposite to me a man of a striking and original turn of mind. It was very different with madame, who remained obstinately retired within the shadows of the great hood, with her white handkerchief covering up her face. She spoke scarcely a word, except in answer to his oft repeated inquiries—was she cold? would she like more covering? But when M. Poirotte came to dwell enthusiastically on certain fair plains far away in Dauphine, where abounded shadowy bowers and musically-flowing streams, it seemed to me that the handkerchief was agitated curiously, and that hysterical sounds came from the dark corner where madame lay reclined. Madame was weeping, it was plain. Upon which M. Poirotte became nervous and fidgety, and was for many minutes whispering with minute utterance, every now and again stamping his foot impatiently.

"Let us go back—oh, let us go back, *mon ami*," I heard her say; "there is yet time."

"It is too late, my dear," whispered hoarsely M. Poirotte, with something like a laugh.

"Oh, no, no!" she continued, leaning forward. "Tell him, monsieur, to stop—to return."

I saw madame drawn back hastily into her dark corner, and could just hear M. Poirotte hissing forth some sharp impetuous words. Upon which she appeared to grow more composed, and to subside into weeping and silent affliction; M. Poirotte meanwhile being busy twisting his moustache and grinding his teeth audibly. I was indebted, however, to these mysterious motions for a hasty glimpse of madame's face, which seemed of a marbly character, with darkest of eyes and eyelashes, and a strangely sorrowful cast all over it; very handsome was madame, if I could put faith in that hurried glance.

From thenceforth M. Poirotte became moody and reserved, keeping up a ceaseless thrumming on the carriage-side, and every now and again whispering to his companion. Left thus to myself, I fell into speculation on the two figures before me. What could they be? where were they going? or was it some newly-married pair setting forth upon their travels? Which last conclusion seemed likely enough, since madame by this time had put down her white handkerchief, and was whispering softly; monsieur's tattoo dying gradually away.

All this while we had been making a species of mad progress up steep hills, down precipitous declivities, being drawn along as it were by wild horses. It was surprising how we bounded across little gullies in the road, over great stones and mounds of mud, without immediate breaking-up and going to pieces of our vehicle, like a ship upon the rocks. Still our conductor sat aloft unshaken, whipping, perhaps scourging, forward his fiery beasts, and contriving somehow to keep all together. Very cheerful, but still perilous, was this mode of travelling by post-chaise. In this fashion we got over many leagues of road, enduring sad concussion all the while, until, at a little past midnight—or, indeed, it might have been close upon the stroke of one—we drew near to a small cluster of cottages and farmhouses, which I was told was the village of Aulnoy, and pulled up sharply at the little inn of the place, which bore the name of the Ardent Conscript. The Ardent Conscript was on the sign-board overhead (in gaudy coloring,) swinging to and fro with every breath of air.

Madame could go no farther that night, being very much exhausted and fatigued. Monsieur was for going on at all hazards, as soon as fresh horses could be put to, remonstrating besides in fierce whispers. It was plain, however, that she was not equal to it, having sunk down at her first entrance upon a sofa altogether dead beat, as remarked the good-natured landlady. We thought at first she had fainted, and wine was brought; but it was evident that she only wanted rest and refreshment. They had been coming many days without stop, and had travelled over some hundreds of miles, and had good right to be tired. So said M. Poirotte to me confidentially, as we stood in a group round madame upon the sofa, the landlady busy rubbing her forehead with eau-de cologne and other restoratives. This was by the light of a dull lamp upon the table, which spread a kind of ochre-tinge upon all objects round,—upon madame's marble-like face also.

I turned to M. Poirotte. "What need," said I, indiscreetly, "of this headlong express travelling? Have you any particular object in—"

He bowed low, with a kind of sarcastic smile. "I was welcome to many things at his hands," he said, "being a good fellow-traveller and agreeable; but there are certain little secrets—monsieur, being a man of the world, will readily understand this—which we do not confide to every first comer."

I muttered some apology for my rather brusque question, but did not the less speculate on the mystery attending these travellers. Could it be that they had been concerned in some strange secret robbery, some vast fraud, accompanied, perhaps, by some dark deed, and they were now flying with guilty haste from justice? Most unlikely, I thought, after a minute's reflection—most unlikely.

Madame would go straight to her chamber, which was now ready for her, and so wished us good-night. Suppose we—that is, M. Poirotte and I—were to sit a little by the fire, with cigar and something warm, for, say one half hour. It was decidedly dreary turning from the cold carriage into still colder cots. For his part, he always fancied a cigar at bedtime. Nothing could be more welcome, as far as I was concerned. And so, under guidance of the sleepy waiter, we descended the ancient flight of stairs, which creaked unmusically at every step, making progress towards the kitchen, where was to be found the sole fire alive at that early hour. Perilous, indeed, was the descent, with waiter going on before, and giving warning of fearful chasms, recurring periodically at about every third step. At last we found ourselves in a large, stone-flagged room, with a great fire-place facing us, and a gallery, which served as a passage between the bedrooms, running across. The fire was burning very low as we entered, and was stirred up by our conductor into a fitful blaze, which showed to us antique strangely shaped bits of furniture, and some black wooden figures looking down from various corners of the room. They might have been saints' effigies, or perhaps images of the Great Henry of Navarre, or Napoleon; but looking out as they did from darkness, the fire-light lighting up with sudden flash some grotesque feature, I felt as though we were sitting in strange company, and should have fancied our host's own private little parlor in preference.

The tall, high-backed chairs were drawn in to the fire; and the waiter having stirred up the smouldering embers into spasmodic life, went his way, leaving us together.

I was little inclined to talk myself, being heartily tired out with the day's journey. It was certainly a curious feeling, finding myself in that lonely cabaret, at long past midnight, stealing every now and then a glance at the black locks and lustrous eyes of the Hebrew countenance near me. By and by M. Poirotte fell into a monologue, going far back into passages of his previous life, which would seem to have been wild and desperate enough. Dark intrigue, midnight adventure, love, hatred, with one duel—through such stormy paths had been his course. "Even to this hour," he went on, looking up after the curling smoke of his cigar —"even to this hour must I follow these troubled ways. What do you suppose has set me down in this wretched inn, in company with madame upstairs? Can you guess? You are making for England, so there is little to fear in your knowing it."

A light broke in upon me of a sudden. Could it be that madame had—

"Left her home, husband, children, friends,—all for the sake of the unworthy being who is now speaking."

"I am truly sorry to hear this," I said; "for rash steps bring with them only misfortune and remorse."

"Ay," said M. Poirotte, "I believe so in my heart; and for that matter, so does poor madame. It were better for her had she stayed with her gray-haired colonel, a brave man and a fond husband."

"But it is not too late," I said, very earnestly. "Do take my advice—return at once; and if my good offices can be of any use—"

"Ah, my friend," said M. Poirotte, with a bitter smile, "you know not what manner of man that ancient colonel is. A tall gray warrior, who has seen many battles, and borne scars, full of pride and trust in her. Ah," continued M. Poirotte, writhing uneasily in his chair, "that part of the business I would like to shut out from my eyes. I feel we shall owe many troubled dreams to that gray colonel."

"Goodness!" I said, "if you really think this, in Heaven's name, why not do as I say. I tell you again and again it is not too late."

He shook his head.

"No, no; we must go on as we have begun, though I know well his grim figure will haunt me, for the shame of it will kill him."

"Hark!" I said, holding up my finger.

There was a jingling sound as of chains outside, with rattling of wheels over stones, and postillion's sharp *Ola! ola!* for some one to come forth. Then came mixed voices and clatter of glass as the door was shut-to.

"More travellers on the road," said M. Poirotte, rising. "Oh, this weary night-journeying! We ought to be tired, God knows! Some way my head seems full of dismal fancies."

We did not speak for some minutes, but sat looking at the grate, each in a reverie of his own. Presently it seemed that there were sounds of footsteps afar off, in the direction of the gallery, as though some one were approaching. Through the low arched door at the entrance came a light, moving unsteadily, displaying against the wall long dwindled shapes of the old crooked rails of the balustrade. It flickered spasmodically, growing brighter every instant: and presently appeared the waiter, going on before with a lamp, after whom walked a tall figure, with gray moustache, and wrapped in a military cloak. He passed solemnly across, like something seen in a dream, and was gone in a moment. I scarcely dared to breathe, as I watched the mysterious passage. M. Poirotte had sunk down into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"My God!" said he, at length, "all, then, is lost! How well I knew it would come to this! And now, to have this other sin upon my head. What is to be done?"

"But," said I, "things are not come to that yet. He does not know that you are here; and if you are gone early in the morning—"

"Ah, what has been his first inquiry, think you? No, no, my good friend, leave me to myself. It were best. Leave me, I conjure you, and I will strive and think of something."

Seeing him so resolved, I did as he desired; and taking in my hand a primitive lamp which was on the table, made my way up the ancient staircase to my room; a small apartment, garnished with old-fashioned cabinets and bits of furniture, quite black and polished with age.

All was now quiet in the house; but in the next room to me I could hear a ceaseless, steady tramp, as though some one were walking up and down; no doubt the gray colonel, wrapped in his cloak, and brooding sorrowfully upon his wrongs. It went on monotonously, that heavy pacing, as though he were keeping guard, until it grew, as it were, into a lullaby, and sent me off in a profound and wearied slumber. Just as my eyes were closing, it seemed to me that his door opened, and that his footsteps died away far down the gallery.

* * * * * *

Bright and frosty was the next morning, so bright, that M. Poirotte and Monsieur le Colonel had gone forth together shortly after sunrise. They were old friends, the waiter believed, laying out breakfast very cheerily. The scenery was fine about Aulnoy, and travellers came long distances to see it. And madame? Madame was still in her chamber, too tired, he suspected, to go forward. By the way, did I know that the early coach would come by in about two hours, at, say twelve o'clock? It was strange, certainly, that messieurs had not returned from their walk.

Not quite so strange did it appear to me, who, to say the truth, was filled with heavy foreboding. Some way I was interested in the brave old officer, and could not shut out from myself that mysterious vision of his passage across the gallery, with the light playing on his forehead and gray moustache. Even when I heard the sound of wheels and the clank of chains outside at that late hour, I felt a sort of presentiment, as though some avenging spirit had arrived. Not much relish for breakfast had I that morning.

An hour passed away, then half an hour, when, as I was looking down the road—for the twentieth time perhaps—I saw a horseman spurring hard towards the inn-door. He pulled up quickly and produced a letter from M. le Colonel, directed to madame. M. le Colonel himself would arrive about noon. He had come straight from a small town some ten miles further on, outside which there had been a murderous duel, without quarter. M. Poirotte was at that moment lying under the trees beside the brook quite stiff and stark, being pierced through by M. le Colonel's sword.

As he spoke there was to be seen a cloud of dust at the corner of the road, and a familiar jingling sound, mingled with winding of horns, fell upon our ears. It was the great coach coming over the hill. The little children came running up from the roadsides, the women stood forth at the cottage-doors to see it halt and change horses, and mine host and his following were busy getting ready anticipated refection. Place was found for me inside the huge mountain; and in a few moments the horn was winding cheerily, and I was rolling along the rough high road, having left far behind me madame, sitting guiltily in an upper chamber of the Ardent Conscript inn, with no company beyond her letter, with black despair in her heart, and waiting judgment at the hands of her offended husband.

SINGULAR RESULTS OF A KISS.—An English paper informs us that a girl of seventeen, residing at Bridgegate, Glasgow, named Catherine Burt, was brought to the central police office of that city, having had her neck fractured in a struggle arising from a young man having attempted to kiss her. No extra violence, it was said, had been used. Dr. M'Gill was in attendance, and reported that the injury sustained appeared to be partial dislocation of one of the vertebræ of the neck, causing great difficulty in respiration and swallowing—he presumed, from pressure on the respiratory nerve. She was ordered to the infirmary, but her friends preferred taking her home, where she now lies in a dangerous state. Steps are being taken to have the young man apprehended.

We publish this as a warning to young ladies not to resist such attempts. If so serious a result followed a resistance which, from the nature of the attack, was probably very slight, the consequences of a more forcible repulse might have been fatal.

DELHI FLEXIBLE STONE.—A local correspondent writes:—"There is in the possession of Mr. Jellicoe, a gentleman of Southampton, a piece of the celebrated flexible sandstone from Delhi, the seat of the great Indian revolt. It is a small slab, about a foot long, four inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick, and can be literally bent. If it were three times as long and held out by the end, it would bend so as to have the appearance of a bow. While bending, a slight rattle is heard as if the slab was fractured or jointed, but although so thin, not the slightest sign of a fracture is observable on its surface. The sandstone is hard, of a very light color, and when examined by a powerful microscope, its crystalization appears exceedingly beautiful.

A LOOK AT THINGS ON SHIP-BOARD.

You will now please to consider yourself on the deck of the good ship Philanthropist, prepared to take a peep into that delectable place where the sailor is boarded and lodged. You observe that hole in the deck near the bows, with a ladder stretching down therefrom into the blackness of darkness. That is the place; please to descend. Witness how admirably arranged to woo slumber. Although it is now high noon, you have here all the soft obscurity of midnight. No useless panes of glass, or other modes of letting in sunshine to interrupt the dim religious light of the place, or to tempt the sailor to spend any part of his watch below in reading, writing, mending his clothes, or other such frivolities. In its architectural arrangements it is modelled after designs by Woodchuck. Reynard, too, from time immemorial, has built on the same judicious plan; the leading peculiarity of which is that all the light and air is admitted through the hole at which you enter.

Allow me now to direct your attention to the admirable arrangements of the forecastle for feeding and lodging the crew. They are all after designs by Swineherd. The beds and bedding are all by Ship Carpenter, and consist of a pine board bunk for each of the men. The tables, chairs and table-ware cutlery are all prepared by the Hingham Bucket Co., and consist of a single kid or small pine pail for each member of the crew as a complete and ample fit out in which to serve up to him for the longest voyage, his morning, noon and evening meals. The pine bunk and the pine noggin completes the entire getting up of the ship-owner for this home of the sailor on the sea. If he is provident, and brings along with him a bed to sleep upon, a cup to drink from, and a spoon and knife to eat with, it is all well. But if he is improvident, or unable to provide himself with such necessaries, he is permitted to sleep on the soft side of a board—drink his coffee and sup his soup as he can, and tear his food in native style with his teeth.

The owner provides substantially nothing, in those respects, that his contract, decency and humanity all clearly demand. His excuse undoubtedly is, that all that he leaves to the care of his ship-master, and supplies what he requires; but that is no excuse at all. The difficulty is, that the sailor in this community has never yet had a hearing from anybody. Jack has never yet had command of one of Hoe's power presses to state his case.

Where the forecastle is on deck it is no better. It is only one square of glass lighter. It is cold as Greenland, and insecure. Perhaps you are disposed to think that all this is necessarily incident to life on shipboard.—Allow me to conduct you aft, and dispel that illusion.

You will please to observe the broad and well-lighted stairway before you—that leads to the cabin—please to enter. Allow me to direct your attention to the beautiful panneling in maple and satin wood. Those corinthian columns, with caps richly carved and highly gilt, are also deserving your inspection. The table, you will observe, is set with the best of ware and cutlery, the beds are models of taste and neatness, and all the appointments of this highly finished and elegantly furnished abode are rich, beautiful and classic.

The favored mortals who are to enjoy this princely abode are some two or three other chaps on board, whom the ship-owner employs and boards and lodges, styled officers. They are most of them descended from very respectable farmers, and were brought up in good plain plastered country dwellings. They are from the same neighborhood of several of the foremast hands, educated at the same primary school, and have nothing to boast of over any one of them, except a little more practical knowledge of seamanship.

After this hasty inspection of the un-American disparity that exists on shipboard between these two classes of hired men, the sailor and the officer—the unnatural crowding down of the one, almost into brutedom, and the as unnatural exaltation of the other into princely prerogative; the one clapped into a kennel and the other into a palace; how can any one wonder at the wail that comes up from the sea—strife and contention, assaults and murders? And how can any one expect American citizens to continue in the service under such circumstances? I know that there is an old feudal notion extant that all this pomp and circumstance is indispensable to government on the sea; and I know, too, that it is all the merest delusion in the world.—*Corres. Boston Transcript.*

THE WAY WE ARE CONSTANTLY DYING.—The following is from an article from Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the last number of the North American Review:

If the reader of this paper live another complete year, his self conscious principle will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the raw material, even, of which is not as yet put together. A portion of that body of his which is to be, will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in a Southern rice field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures, now unconscious of their doom.

The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, plead so eloquently, or preach so effectively, must first serve his humbler brethren to bleat, to bellow, and for all the varied utterances of bristled or feathered barnyard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, *in posse* and not *in esse*.

A bag of phosphate of lime which he has ordered from Prof. Mapes, for his grounds, contains a large part of what is to be his next year's skeleton. And more than all this, and by far the greater part of his body is nothing, after all, but water, the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

☞ Humanity is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose half their charm.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN

BY LEIGH HUNT.

With awful walls, far gleaming, and possessed
The passes 'twixt the snow for Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of east and west,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still hous'd there, like the thunder.
And it so fell; for when the winds blew right,
They woke their trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only hearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And never more those heights had human dwellers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;
His wall a but shadowed forth his mightier frowning;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirred,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marred the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings:
Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fall by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great breaths that blew his ministrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he lingered? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbors, and those silent heights ascended.
Giant, nor aught, blasting their bold emprise,
They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended;
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps; but 'twas the piled snow, falling;
And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age,
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came where still, in dread array,
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as round
And firm, as when the rocks were first set ringing.
Fresh from their unimaginable mould
They might have seemed, save that the storms had stained them
With a rich dust, that now, with gloomy gold
In the bright sunshine, beauteously engrained them.
Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,
Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now they saw?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!
The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled
By the soft needs that nursed those small, sweet noises!
Oh, thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall?
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?
Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small
Compared with nature's least and gentlest courses.
Fears and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But heaven and earth abide their time, and smile.

AMERICAN WORKMANSHIP.

Mr. Stirling, an English gentleman writing on America, *thus speaks of our workmanship. In the matter of cutlery he is undoubtedly wrong:*

"Workmanship in America is mere surface-work. There is no sufficiency, no thoroughness in it. The American workman displays energy, ingenuity, rapidity to a surprising degree, but he lacks utterly the care and completeness of the British tradesman. His work is thoroughly 'unworkmanlike.' It bears all the marks of haste and imperfection; has no appearance of finish or minute care about it. The marble-veneered palaces of New York often come down by the run. The clippers of New England sail well, but leak and damage cargo. They are splendid models, but slim in construction. Twenty-five thousand miles of railways intersect the American continent—they cross swamps and mountains, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—but their frail trestlework is continually coming down; their bridges are crazy, their roads often unballasted, their whole apparatus flimsy. The consequence is, you enter their cars with fear and trembling, and thank God at your journey's end. I need not dwell on river and lake steamers; a prudent man makes his will before he goes on board. And so it goes on, down to the minutest articles of domestic use throughout this country. There is not a lock that catches, not a hinge that turns; knives will not cut, and matches will not light. The doors will not shut, the windows will not open; and all this is made more striking and provoking by its contrast with the pretension to finish and refinement. You sit down on a fine velvet sofa, and are startled by coming down on a spring as hard as a cricket-ball. The hotel, whose doors are creaking and windows gaping, is gilt and carpeted like a palace; and the Mississippi steamboat, on which you are snagged or blown up, is gilt and painted, and goes twenty miles an hour; you cannot sail to destruction in greater luxury or at greater speed."

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN THINKS OF EAST INDIAN AFFAIRS.—"The lust of territory I hold to be one of the great evils of American civilization. It has taken deep hold of the fervid imagination of this young and energetic people; and as yet the sober views of the wiser portion of the community have not availed to check the national folly. But it is needless for Englishmen to preach moderation, so long as we ourselves are extending our empire day by day, and loading with honors proconsuls who present us with 'four kingdoms at once,' and so long as a general setting out to steal an empire can write: 'We have no right to seize Scinde, yet we shall do so, and a very advantageous, useful, humane piece of rascality it will be.' We must pluck this Indian beam from our own eye before we can expect attentive listeners to our political homilies."—*Stirling's Letters from America.*

THE JEWS IN CHINA.—The Jews are said to have entered China as early as the third century of the present era. The Chinese possess various MSS. of the Old Testament in Hebrew, which require and deserve careful examination.—*Milne's China.*

TREASON IN THE CAMP!

A WOMAN ON WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS

I am aware I will raise a whole nest of hornets—but, from their very peculiarities of temperament, women's friendships are rarely or never so firm, so just, or so enduring as those of men—*when* you can find them. Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Brutus and Cassius—last and loveliest, David and Jonathan, are pictures unmatched by any from our sex, including the far-famed ladies of Llangollen.—When such a bond really does exist, from its exception to general masculine idiosyncrasies—especially the enormous absorption in and devotion to number one—from its total absence of sentimentalities, its undemonstrativeness, depth, and power, a friendship between two men is a higher thing than between any two women—nay, one of the highest and noblest sights in the whole world. Precisely as, were comparisons not as foolish as they are odious, a truly good man, from the larger capacities of male nature both for virtue and vice, is, in one sense, more good than any good woman. But this question I leave to controversialists who enjoy breaking their own heads, or one another's, over a bone of contention which is usually not worth picking after all.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the nearest approximation to that feeling called love—I mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishnesses and sensuousnesses—which in all their after-life they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet it is not the real thing—not *friendship*, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exacting, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, coloring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exactions, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterward, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and a husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shown itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the woman, young or old, will love one another faithfully to the end of their lives.—*A Woman's Thoughts About Women.*

A PEEP INTO FLORIDA.—"Florida is the Paradise of an idle man." So said a Georgian gentleman to me—Captain B., and I believe it is pretty near the truth. The climate is mild and equable, so a man need not be particular as to house or clothing. Shooting and fishing will easily supply him with food; and, if he wishes to be very luxurious, by scratching the ground he may have a few sweet potatoes, or a little Indian corn. Land has been bought in Florida at a cent per acre; but for that matter our "cracker" need not buy land at all—he may squat and take his chance of being turned out. It is not every one who would wish to dispossess a "cracker," so long as the cracker had his rifle and an ounce of lead. Having thus established himself on land of his own, or a patch of Uncle Sam's, he may also, if he pleases, become a grazier at small expense of labor or money. Having bought, borrowed, or stolen a few head of cattle, he simply marks them and turns them out into the woods. In the spring he collects the calves and puts his brand upon them; and this, absolutely, is all the care or trouble he takes, except catching them when a purchaser appears. In this way some of these Florida squatters accumulate vast herds of cattle, without any exertion on their part. Nay, so lazy and careless of comfort are *they*, that I am assured there are men in these forests owning 5,000 or 6,000 head of cattle who have not even milk to their coffee; "and that," said Captain B., "I call pretty tolerable shiftless."—*Stirling's Letters from America.*

THE PROPHECY OF CAMPBELL.—Curiously applicable to the present moment is a passage in that poem for all periods of life—Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Look at the analysis given by the poet himself of the first part of his great theme: "The barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their races and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy." And how is this strung to immortal song? Listen:

Did Peace descend to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no! To more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And in the march of Nations led the van.

The poet then proceeds to foretell the inevitable Avatar which this year seems to have made good.

THE ABSENT MAN.—This distinguished philosopher (Adam Smith) was remarkable for absence of mind. As an anecdote of this peculiarity, it is related of him, that having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkaldy, dressed in a little more than his night gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had in reality trudged along the king's highway all that distance in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas, and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance in a crowded church, on a Scotch Sunday morning, in his night-gown, is left to the imagination of the reader.

OPIUM EATING IN CHINA.

The prepared opium is smoked in pipes, as we smoke tobacco. The Chinese believe that the effects of the drug—the exhilerating effects, at any rate—are more apparent by inhaling the fumes than by chewing the solid itself, and they give themselves up to the indulgence in the following way: The pipe employed is formed of heavy wood, having an earthenware bowl at one end, and a cup that serves to collect the residuum or ashes after the combustion of the opium. The smoker, lying upon a couch or bench, holds the pipe, or smoking-pistol, with the bowl near the lamp, the lamp and the couch being so placed that the opium can be kindled without disturbing the lazy smoker in his position. A piece of opium about as large as a pea or a pill is taken up by a sort of spoon-headed needle, placed in the hole in the bowl, and kindled at the lamp; then one or two whiffs suffice to draw in all the smoke emitted by the burning drug. Old smokers will retain the breath a long time, filling the lungs and exhaling the smoke gradually through the nostrils. When the pipe has burnt out, the smoker lies still for a moment, thinking of his dreamy delights, while the fumes are dissipating, and then repeats the charge until his prescribed dose is exhausted, or until his means of purchase are expended. There are smoking-shops by hundreds in the towns within moderate distance of the coast; and these shops, we are told, are kept open day and night, each being furnished with a number of couches formed of bamboo-canes and covered with mats and rattans; a sort of wooden stool serves as a bolster or pillow; and in the centre of the shop is a lamp that serves for many smokers, each of whom is enabled to turn the bowl of his pipe towards it. Mr. Pohlman, an American resident at Amoy, has stated there are a thousand of these opium-smoking shops in that town alone. If the account or these shops rested only on the testimony of missionaries, it might be supposed that a heightened color was given to the effects by men who regard the indulgence as an irreparable, uncompensated evil; but Lord Jocelyn, who accompanied the Chinese expedition as military secretary seventeen years ago, and who, as a military man, may not be suspected of over-sensitiveness on such a matter, gives testimony that ought not to be overlooked. He is speaking of the opium-shops of Singapore, analogous to those of China:—

"In these houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches round are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances—too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast emerging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in the tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss which the opium smoker madly seeks, an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying." Dr. Ball, many years a resident in China, speaks of "walking skeletons, families wretched and beggared by drugged fathers and husbands, and who have lost house and home, may be seen dying in the streets, in the fields, on the banks of the river, without even a stranger to care for them while alive, and, when dead, left exposed to view till they become offensive masses." This last quotation, however, is of insufficient value; since any husband or father who became beggared and wretched in China, and rendered his family beggared and wretched, whether by spirit-drinking or by opium-smoking, would produce almost the same amount of evil; the question is, not as to the wretchedness of such a state, but as to the tendency of opium-smoking to produce it. On this point it is impossible to avoid noticing the concurrence of opinion that the confirmed opium-smoker may be known "by his inflamed eyes and haggard countenance, by his lank and shrivelled limbs, tottering gait, sallow visage, feeble voice, and the death-boding glance of his eye. He seems the most forlorn creature that treads the earth."

IDEALIST AND REALIST.—The Sentimentalist is listening to the song of the robin early in the morning, as he stands leaning upon a gate, on the other side of which the Farmer stands leaning. Their thoughts are mutually attracted towards the robin, finding expression in the following duet:

Sweet songster, through thy lay that greets the morn,
(He means to drop upon my strawberry bed,)
To new delights my consciousness is born;
(And pick 'em off before they 'gin to red!)
Oh, what delight the farmer's heart must feel,
(Confound the law that says I must not shoot!)
As on the morning air such rare notes steal,
(The thieving rascal steals my choicest fruit!)
Here I could sit and list the liquid song,
(Those cherries there will not be worth a dime;)
As zephyrs bear its dulcet strains along.
(My soul is vexed the live-long summer time.)
What witchery attends upon his note!
(I wish I had the thieving rascal by the throat!)

There was, as must be admitted, a difference in the sentiment, and it is left for the reader to determine which had the best of it, the man who was touched in the ear by an affluence of notes, or he who was touched in the pocket by a threatened absence of notes in consequence of a diminished crop, to him, resulting from the distension of the crops of the robins. We think an agricultural mind would strike a balance in favor of the farmer.—*Boston Gazette.*

THE ELOQUENCE OF BURKE.—The late Mr. Logan, well known for his literary efforts and author of a most masterly defence of Warren Hastings, went to the House of Commons, at the time of the impeachment, prepossessed for the accused and against his accuser. At the expiration of the first hour, he said to a friend, "All this is declamatory assertion without proof;" when the second was finished, "This is a most wonderful oration;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;" and at last, "Of all the monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings!"

☞ Young men who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take *ardent spirits.*

TEMPT ME NO MORE.

Tempt me no more;—thy tones are sweet and deep,
Yet they fall vainly on my weary ears;—
Pass on and leave me here to dream and weep,
Counting the foot-falls of the lonesome years—
Tempt me no more!

My wreath of life holds no fresh bloom for thee,—
Its flowers are strewn on unforgotten graves,—
Only its withered leaves remain to me,
And they drift darkly toward death's wintry waves;
Tempt me no more!

Gather not rose-leaves trampled in the dust,
No kindness can their wasted bloom renew.
Go, let them die unheeded, as they must,
Seek thou for blossoms fresh and bright with dew,
Tempt me no more!

—*Portland Transcript.* FLORENCE PERCY.

INSTANCES OF SUDDEN DEATH ON THE STAGE.

On August 2, 1798, John Palmer, then an actor of eminence, was performing at Liverpool, and on the morning of this day, on which he was to have played the "Stranger," he received the news of the death of his second son, a circumstance which naturally deeply affected him. He appeared, however, in the character announced. In the fourth act, "Baron Steinforth" obtains an interview with the "Stranger," and discovering in him an old friend, he prevails upon him to relate the cause of his exclusion from the world. The "Stranger," in his reply, speaks of his wife and children, an allusion that must, of course, have awakened the most painful feelings in Mr. Palmer's mind, and, at the moment, when he had uttered these words, "there is another and a better world," he sank upon the stage a corpse. In October, 1752, Joseph Peterson, an actor of some position, was performing the part of the "Duke," in "Measure for Measure," and in the third act he comes disguised as a friar to prepare "Claudio" for execution. As he pronounced those words—

—— Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art—

he dropped into the arms of "Claudio," and never spoke again. On the evening of the 20th of June, 1817, "Jane Shore" was performed at the Leeds Theatre; a Mr. Cummings enacted the part of "Dumont." Having, in this character, uttered these words—

Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs to heaven to show thee,
May such befal me at my latest hour,

he fell down, and instantly expired.—*Irish Quarterly Review.*

FANCY NAMES.

The following list of names was copied from the annual returns of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in Massachusetts. Think of naming a child *Ephraimetta* or *Samuella*:

CHRISTIAN OR FIRST NAMES.

Adalorenia, Adrouna, Lucyetta, Aldevita, Merzelia, Mavida, Angeretta, Dorisntha, Alphetta, Zeolied, Potentice, Emmaetta, Zeniah, Altherah, Rovaletta, Milora, Alexine Lovena, Endora, Robertana, Senora Octavia, Alfredine, Altona, Vielia, Lavorilla, Cassandra Galifelia, Ephraimetta, Seraphina, Caledonia Dulcena, Odorilla, Altimira, Elualith, Lucyphine, Lauana, Celia Aujatine, Melintha, Phidora, Retina Silva, Athalinda, Eusebia, Anintha, Dianis, Jette, Romanzo, Ina Clarabel, Flora Odella, Ozro Almon, Ella Elgivie, Orsella, Cawsildany, Ebrina, Urbane, Zoa, Estella, Albatine, Adella Madora, Hannahette, Ortentia, Zylpha, Samantha, Meriva, Varetta, Delphina Eldora, Samuella, Lorrietta, Ervin Elroy, Arrannetta, Alfretta Viann, Adalette, Annora, Jessaline, Ada Iglesias, Ellaroy Marilla, Ittal, Leanella, Dipluma, Inre Lucilla, Cornelia, Orrissa Lucena, Orleas Scalum, Annelle, Rhoda Orsola, Ferdinno, Alvahretta, Eldesta, Inore Loilla, Almaretta, Luona, Olinda, Marilla, Lelia Floretta, Iola, Eda Laorni, Elletta Izora, Elenetta, Elevinnia, Smyra, Francelia, Florrentina, Idella, Harmonia, Chorena, Rozella, Matrassa.

SURNAMES.

Silvernail, Potwine, Coon, Goodboo, Damkins, Walkup, Pittsinger, Longbrow, Rumsell, Rathbottom, Sackenbotam, Winterbottam, Promdfoot, Helfrick, Muchmore, Crowfoot.

The foregoing names are copied *verbatim* from the original returns, and can at any time be verified.—*Boston Traveller.*

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—When Governor Plumer first made his appearance in Congress, as a member from New Hampshire, John Randolph declared that he was the ugliest looking man he ever saw. Now those who have seen John of Roanoke (if any of them should ever happen to see this statement) will, we apprehend, be greatly amused, if they can call up to their mind's eye the awful ugly visage of the haggard Virginian. Be this as it may; but we are told that members laughed heartily at Mr. Randolph's judgment of Mr. Plumer's *beauty*. One day, being rallied upon the subject, and not being aware, probably, that his gaunt figure caused quite as much merriment as that of Mr. Plumer, he began to think his notion with regard to the beauty of the latter was questioned, whereupon he delivered himself as follows: "Gentlemen, I *did* think Mr. Plumer was the ugliest man I ever saw, but since I heard his speech the other day in the House, I think he is pretty good looking—but one thing I'll stand to, that when he's dead he'll make a —— homely corpse."—*Cor. Boston Transcript.*

OLD TIME QUACKERY.—A quack medicine vender lodging at a clergyman's, and requiring her patients to send a hackney-coach to fetch her, is not a person to be met with every day, so she shall introduce herself:

"*A Safe and Speedy Remedy to give Ease in the Gout.*

By a plaister that draws out the pain and strengthens the part; takes off the fitt in a night's time. Several persons that have made use of it have never had the gout since. It is to be had of a gentlewoman that lives at the Rev. Mr. Sharp's, in Stepney Churchyard.

"N. B.—She goes not to any person out of the neighborhood, without a coach being sent for her."—*London Daily Postboy*, Oct. 19, 1702.

CALVIN'S DISCOURSES.—It is said that there are nineteen hundred sermons, by John Calvin extant, and not one of them has a text taken from the four Gospels. Is this true?

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Now, when many ladies are departing from London, new dresses are more in request than any other articles of costume. There is still, however, little or no alteration in the general style as far as regards form. Until the change of season we must, as we have previously observed, look for novelty only in the trimmings. Among the dresses just completed, are some destined to be worn in ball costume. We may mention two which have been greatly admired. One consists of pink gauze lisse over silk of the same color. There are two skirts of gauze lisse. The under one is ornamented with bouillonnes, with which sprigs of pink laurel are at intervals intermingled; the upper one is edged with a small wreath of pink laurel, and covered by a tunic of Honiton lace. The other dress consists of a slip of white silk, covered with a double skirt of white tarletane, each having mallow-colored ribbon run through the hems. The upper skirt is ornamented with side trimmings of Honiton lace, disposed spirally, and intermingled with bows of mallow-colored ribbon. The corsage is trimmed with bretelles of lace and bows of ribbon.

An evening dress of lilac silk, intended for slight mourning, has five flounces covered with black lace. The corsage is partially open in front, and is trimmed with black lace and lilac ribbon. The sleeves are wide and plain, and are trimmed with two frills of black lace, looped up in the inner part of the arm with bows of lilac ribbon.

Some of the new pocket-handkerchiefs adapted for ball costume, instead of being composed, as heretofore, almost entirely of lace, consist wholly of that elegant material; for instance, the ground or middle, usually formed of French cambric, consists of a medallion of Valenciennes. Many of the most elegant pocket-handkerchiefs, are trimmed with Alencon, Honiton, and Mechlin lace. A novelty in pocket-handkerchiefs, suitable for morning costume, has just appeared in Paris. They have colored borders, the effect of which is much the same as if a colored ribbon were passed through the hem.

This warm summer has been propitious to dresses of light and thin textures. We have, in a former article mentioned the prevalence of muslin, both white and colored. White, indeed, has not been so fashionable during many years past. White muslin dresses are frequently made with flounces of plain muslin, finished by hems in which runnings of colored ribbon are inserted. Those dresses which have the flounces bordered with needlework, have colored ribbon run at the back of the work, which shows it with exquisite effect. Sometimes flounces of plain muslin are edged with lace, and then the lace only is lined with colored ribbon. The same style of ornament is adopted for the corsages of the dresses, and for the jackets of sprigged and spotted muslin, now so fashionable.—*London Lady's Paper, Aug. 22.*

Useful Receipts.

HARD WATER may be softened by dissolving half an ounce of quick lime in nine quarts of water, and the clear solution put into a barrel of hard water, it will become soft when clear.

PRESERVED PUMPKIN.—Cut a good pumpkin in strips like citron; sprinkle sugar on them over night, pound for pound, and the juice of four lemons in the morning; boil the peel and a little ginger root, and add to the syrup. Boil the pumpkin till tender, and then turn on the syrup boiling hot.

FRENCH METHOD OF MAKING SOUP.—Good beef, which must be chosen of the most sound and fresh, always makes the best soup. Veal is only good in case of sickness, as it weakens and attenuates the broth. The proportion is three pounds of meat to four quarts or water. Put the meat in cold water, salt it, and make a good fire, which, however, should not be too lively, so that the broth may not boil till the scum rises and has been taken off entirely. When this has been done, add two carrots cut in halves, two turnips also cut, one parsnip, two leeks, one stalk of celery, two cloves, and either a small burnt onion, or a little caramel, to color it. It must boil slowly, skimming it from time to time until the meat is well cooked, when you will have an excellent soup. After the quantity and the quality of the meat, what most contributes to make a good soup is to see that it boils slowly, without stopping a moment, for six or seven hours. It must then be passed through a fine colander, and if served with vermicelli, or the small Italian pastes, the soup must be poured in a saucepan and the eighth of a pound of vermicelli added when the broth boils; it must boil for twenty minutes, or until the vermicelli is cooked. Farina can be used in the place of vermicelli, as also toasted bread cut in very small and thin strips, and added when the soup is ready for the soup-tureen.

CLEANING SADDLES, &c.—The following receipt will make saddles and bridles have a good polish, and be entirely free from all stickiness:

The whites of three eggs evaporated, till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin, and put into a common wine-bottle, and filled up with water.—*London Field.*

TO CLEAN BLACK SILK.—Take an old kid glove, boil it in a pint of water for an hour. Then let it cool, and when cold, add a little more water, and sponge the silk with the liquid.

CHICKEN CORN-PIE.—First, prepare two chickens as for frying, then put them down and let them stew in a great deal of good, rich, highly seasoned gravy until they are just done. Then, have ready picked two dozen ears of corn; take a very sharp knife and shave them down once or twice, and then scrape the heart out, with the rest already shaved down; then get a baking pan, (a deep one,) and place a layer of the corn on the bottom of the pan or dish, then a layer of the chicken, with some of the gravy, and then a layer of the corn, and so on, until you get all of the chicken in. Then cover with the corn, and pour in all the gravy, and put a small lump of butter on the top, and set it to baking in not a very hot oven. It does not take long to cook; as soon as the corn is cooked, it will be ready to send to the table. It can either be sent in the pan it is baked in, or turned out into another dish. There must be a great deal of gravy, or it will cook too dry.

A MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I think of an old cathedral town,
In a country over the sea,
With its walls all ivy-grown and brown,
As a century's walls may be,
And the walks where I wandered up and down,
Friend of my youth, with thee.

I think of the old cathedral's close,
With its turf so fresh and green,
And the rounded graves in their hushed repose,
The low gray stones between;
And the quiet river which near it flows,
Where the whispering willows lean.

And the chimes ring sweetly out again,
Those beautiful, blessed chimes!
Solemn and deep as a Sabbath strain,
Or the music of olden times,
Wedded to many a sweet refrain,
In the English villagers rhymes.

I seem to hear with a dreamy fall,
The whispering stir of the leaves,
And the twittering swallow's cheery call,
Fluttering under the eaves,
And the sunlight over the minster wall,
Its golden tracery weaves.

And there we wander to and fro,
Till the evening prayers begin,
And hear in the busy town below,
The murmur of labor's din,
Till the verger comes with footsteps slow,
And the worshippers stray in.

And the organ's mighty swells are there,
As I heard them long ago,
And the singing boys, so young and fair,
Whose voices in chorus flow,
With their robes of white, and silken hair,
Bright in the sunset's glow.

Till the soft, uncertain twilight lies
Between the night and the day,
And the chanted prayer and the melodies,
In the cloisters die away,
And under the broad, gray, deepening skies,
Together again we stray.

Till the golden surf of the sunset surge,
In the rosy west is bright,
And bounds the whole horizon's verge
With a circle of living light,
The ring, wherewith the glowing Day,
Marries the starry Night.

And we think of the friends who love us best,
On these blessed summer eves,
Far over the ocean's billowy breast,
Which under the sunset heaves,
And we think "Is there one in the far off West,
Who ever our absence grieves?"

Sweet and fair as a picture old,
This vision of sunset seems,
Linked with the memories manifold,
And the sounds in my childish dreams,
What stories old to my glad youth told,
Or limned to my soul in gleams.

And now as I sit this summer day,
Under the shadow of trees,
The chimes and the organ symphonies stray
To my soul on the ocean breeze,
And all the morn it wanders away,
Over the billowy seas.

ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A DEAD SECRET.

On a rocky height by the seashore of Dorsetshire, England, stands Harkstone Castle. It was inhabited some seven years ago by a very old man, who had been in possession nearly half a century; and during that time had never been known to give a hint as to his successor. He saw neither friend nor foe, except when absolutely obliged. His estate was well managed by his own agency and that of his steward and attorney; but that was the only ostensible employment he had. He spent his time alone, and was so inaccessible, that people forgot he was alive till they were aroused to the fact by hearing that he was dead.

The probable contents of his will, then, excited great interest; for the estate was wholly in his power, and he had no near relations. He might leave it to his attorney, to the Queen, to his housekeeper; he might turn Harkstone Castle into a hospital; he might have made no will at all; and this seemed the most probable, for none was found, and none had been made by his attorney; and the latter began to make inquiries into his nearest of kin. It was not difficult to find this person, though he was very remote. He was a young man in the army—Charles Graburn by name—a man of small means, but not absolutely poor. He was not aware himself that he had a relation in the world; for his parents, who would naturally be talked at times over cousins and great-uncles, died when he was young, and his pedigree had nothing in it interesting to him. When informed of his prospects he at first refused belief.

"I should like it well enough," said he; but it's not true. You'll find a will, I'm sure, and I shall only have had the trouble of changing my habits, to return to them again."

He hung back from taking any steps in the business, and really thought of his chance as little as he could help.

One rainy afternoon—his regiment being then quartered at Birmingham—he was sitting the mess-room of the barracks, playing at chess with a brother-officer, when the sound of carriage coming through the great paved court, and round to the steps of the entrance, drew his eyes to the window, and there he beheld, looking from a railroad-fly, the face of Spoker, the attorney who had the care of his business.

"I'll be back before you play," said he. "I see a fellow who wants me," and meeting Mr. Spoker in the passage, he had time for but Good-morning," before the attorney said:

"A will has been found."

"I knew it," said Graburn, turning back. I'm glad I never reckoned upon Harkstone Castle."

"You will enjoy it the more," said Mr. Spoker. "All is left to the next of kin."

"To me?"

"Yes, all to you. He wrote one will, leaving to you by the name of Greyburn—with a y the name—and another to his 'next of kin,' if he would make it as sure as possible."

"So it's mine," said Charles.

"Yours, yours," said the attorney.

"Thank God!" said Charles Graburn, denying that he had been more interested than had allowed. Then turning back to the mess-room, he entered it, singing, "I'd be a butterfly."

"What's happened to Charley now?" said his opponent, Frederick Palliser by name, who had been determining where to move his castle. "Charley turned songster!"

"I have got £4,000 a-year, and a fine castle, since I went out of the room," said young Graburn.

"By Jove!" said the other.

Charles Graburn got leave from his colonel,—to whom such an occasion seemed a very sufficient reason for granting it—and went down next day to his new possessions.

Harkstone Castle stood on an isolated, low hill, just a quarter of a mile from the beach.—Behind it are higher hills, thickly clothed with low wood; and in modern times, by commanding the castle, these surrounding hills would have made it an indefensible place. But its position suited the century it was built in; the hill was steep on all sides, so as to stand in place of a fosse, and the towers followed the irregularity of the ground, covering the top of the hill with a building which afforded abundant shelter and defence to those who manned it. In these latter serene times it was merely picturesque. The internal walls towards the court were pierced with convenient windows for the inhabitants; and when they would look out to the sea and landward view, they did so through narrow apertures, which, though enlarged since they were intended for mere arrow slits, had been altered judiciously, and without altering the appearance of the castle. The last possessor had left less trace of himself than any one who had lived there fifty or sixty years could possibly be supposed to have done. He had burned all his letters before he died; his books were all on the book-shelves; not so much as a blotting-book bore the mark of his signature on the paper. He had lived to extreme old age, and had seemed to take pleasure in obliterating all signs that he had lived at all. Charles eagerly opened drawers and searched cupboards; there was scarcely a relic of the old times just passed, though there were many of the older times which had gone by a hundred years—nay, several hundreds. Suits of armor there were, black-jacks, spurs, cannon-balls, but nothing to tell what the last man had enjoyed, done or suffered.

Charles was greatly employed in riding over the estate with Mr. Spoker, and arranging what improvements must take place, what timber be cut down, what exchanges with neighboring squires set on foot. He found, also, that although the castle had been well taken care of on the whole, some repairs on a large scale were become necessary; and he was absorbed in surveys and plans by which to gain the double object of preserving the beauty and character of the building, and at the same time doing to it what was essential for its repair.

One day, when he was looking at the building from the outside, it struck him that one of the projections had no corresponding room within; he was quite certain that where the outer wall expanded into what might be a room of tolerable size, the inside was a flat surface, forming only one side of a passage. He ran up stairs directly to examine it, expecting to find a doorway blocked up. There was tapestry along the wall; but when it was *lifted*, nothing but the rough stones were discovered; no trace of doorway, no mark of any former aperture in the wall. It was so unlikely, however, that the projection should consist of solid masonry, that Charles determined to search the outside, to ascertain whether any window might be hidden under the ivy. He mounted a ladder, accordingly, followed by a workman carrying a saw and a pickaxe; and searching through the ivy in various places—for it here quite mantled the wall—he found, in fact, a window, strongly defended with iron bars, but which permitted the eye dimly to penetrate into a room within. Curiosity was all alive to read the secret of this hidden chamber; and making a footing for himself on a projection of the wall by the aid of the stout boughs of the ivy, he gave place to the workman who had accompanied him to break out the bars with the pickaxe he carried, and give him access.—While this work was going on, he looked anxiously into the room, which he saw better and better as the ivy was cleared and the dimmed glass removed. It was tapestried; and the hangings seemed to have fallen in places through the effects of damp and time; a bed occupied one end, with a canopy crowned with a bunch of feathers, and these began to wave as the air got in. On the side, at right angles with the window, was a narrow door, which opened from the corner of the room, evidently not into the corridor outside, but into either a concealed passage running parallel to the corridor, or into another room. There was a heavy chair by the bed, thrown over and lying on its side; a small table, with a cup on it containing fragments of dry flowers. In one part of the room, on the floor, was a heap of silk or stuff, flung down, it should seem, on some day or night long left behind; the curtains of the bed were quite drawn back on the side next the window, and something dimly glittered, when the light fell on the carpet, like an instrument or ornament of steel.

Charles impatiently looked at all while the man worked away at the window bars; and when they yielded at last he sprang in. There was little more to be learned with regard to all these objects than what he had already made out. Only, the clothes of the bed were thrown over the pillow, just as a hasty strong hand might replace them after they had been opened. Charles Graburn flung them back as far as they would go. The inside of the bed was filled with a huge dark something—plainly it had been a pool of blood.

Charles and the workman looked at each other in mute horror. The latter was the first to speak.

"There's been foul work here, I doubt, sir," said he. "Best cover it up, and say nothing."

"Cover it up! Not I," cried Charles; "I'll search it out to the very end. Who remembers the tower?"

"If anybody does, 'tis Mrs. Many," said the workman; "she that was housekeeper before the master."

"What! and alive still? Where is she?"

"At the house in the forest, sir, where I heard your honor went to tell her of the master's legacy."

"I remember, I remember; she was very ill."

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Our picture is from a painting by an English artist, Cobbett, of the Royal Academy. It is a little drama, which sufficiently explains itself. The young maiden, and her two little sisters have strayed out too far on the sands, and find themselves surrounded by the rising tide, whose cruel waters swirl and foam around them. It is a moment of alarm, not of extreme peril, for boats are in the offing, one of which has seen the signal, and is sailing to the rescue. The anxious expression on the intent face of the young girl, and the frightened look of the two children, as well as the general grouping and sentiment of the figures, testify to the power and skill of the artist.

"She'll never be no better, I'm of opinion to think. She's bound to die; she's ninety if she's a day."

"I'll see her this minute," cried Charles, resolving within himself that nobody should carry her the news of the discovery before he could judge of its effect upon her; and hastily descending the ladder, he told the servants and laborers below that he had found strange things, which were not to be meddled with till he came back, and ran off at the speed of a young man to the cottage.

It was a very neat dwelling, a little way within the woodland district called the Forest of Byer, part of which belonged to the Harkstone estate, as a leasehold under the crown. The ancient woman had survived the master whom, old as she was, she had looked on as a young man, and might well do so, for she was bed-ridden; and he, up to the close of his life, had been able to walk as far as her dwelling. She was attended by a woman, who, although nearly sixty, the old woman persisted in calling the girl. The girl was a sad specimen of the fair sex, not above three-parts in possession of her wits; brown, almost black of complexion, part of the darkness of her hue consisting in dirt; her few ragged locks hung loose about her bare head; her large under lip drooped on her chin, and her swollen nose matched the lip in its proportions. The clothes she wore were bound round her more like rags than woman's clothes, though they were not bad in themselves; and she seemed in a hurry to do every office that any one asked or wanted, as if she felt herself born to be everybody's slave. This old girl, whom the older woman called Phillis, came out hastily at Charles's call; and without seeming to understand that he wanted her to inquire whether her mistress could see him, guided him straight into the chamber where Mrs. Many lay half alive, as it should seem, in her bed.

Charles felt he must not be too abrupt. He therefore began to say something about the legacy; but the old woman, when she understood who it was, began:

"You were here on Wednesday about that; it's all right. Do you want anything else, sir?"

"Indeed I have something else to ask you. The castle is a strange old place, and I want to know whether there are any hiding places, any private rooms or passages, about it?"

"None at all, as I know of," said Mrs. Many.

"Everybody's dead and gone now that could have been hidden in them, or care about them, except you," said Charles.

"But there's none at all," said the old woman.

"Yes, there is one," said Charles, resolving to try the truth upon her—for he saw she either knew of none, or would not allow it if she did—"and there's been murder done in it."

The old woman answered nothing, but fixed her glassy eyes upon him; he fixedly returned the glance, and hers gave way the first.

"What have you seen?" said she.

He told her exactly.

"I saw it, too," said she, "fifty-five years ago; but never spoke of it till now. I believe *he's* dead that did it."

"You believe only? You are not sure?"

"It was not the master, if that's what you mean," said the old woman. "It was his sorrow; but it was another man's sin."

"And you—and you," said Charles, in great emotion.

"No, sir, I had nothing to do with it, except being the first to see it. My mind's as easy as the poor girl's there."

"I conjure you," said Charles, "tell me what you know."

"Well, you *do* know already, sir. What more? Master Walter hid yonder girl's mother in the tower, and there she perished."

"Master Walter? Whom do you mean? And that wretched woman, *her* mother; what is it you mean?"

"I mean the master that's just dead. 'Twas in the time of the old squire, his father, who I was housekeeper to; and Master Walter was man and boy about the house, and very well beloved. I was thirty-two when he was twenty; he went away to amuse himself somewhere or other among the furreners."

"And then—what then?" said Charles, as she paused in her story.

"Why, then, it was a year and a half after that, a man came to me as could speak no English like us, and could do nothing but make signs. He gave me a letter from Master Walter, which said that he had become acquainted with a young lady, who was a mother by him, and he had sent his little infant to my care, (there it is, the girl there;) and the *brother* of the child's mother, the letter went on to say, had become aware, and was dodging them everywhere for vengeance. His father must not know, and he must hide the mother. Now, in those days, the tower you've found out, was merely neglected—it's been forgotten since; but he bade me get it ready for the young lady, and open a door long locked outside the castle, at the foot of the winding stair, and the night after he and she would be there. I'd no time to say no, if I willed it, and I did not will it; for I loved Master Walter, and the old squire was very harsh upon him. So I took the parcel out of the strange man's hand, and looking in, 'twas indeed a young infant; and first, in a great fright, I ran down home to where my husband was sick, and showed him the letter, and told him all; and he bade me lay down the baby, and we'd tell the neighbors 'twas no business of theirs. The poor child was well-nigh starved with cold and hunger, and I doubt if ever it got over that journey, let it come from where it might; but, for my part, I thought more of the lady and Master Walter, and I did as well as I could for them in the tower."

"The lady actually lived there?" said Charles, finding the old woman pause.

"Yes, yes; and nobody knew—we thought nobody knew; but it's always been my opinion that some one or other saw me go out or in at the low tower-door one midnight, carrying in the poor baby—the girl there; for the mother *would* see her. That would be three weeks after the lady came, and Master Walter was planning taking her elsewhere, but told me he was afraid the brother had not yet given over seeking; and, sir, it was perhaps a week after, Mr. Walter was gone with his father to sessions, or assizes, I forget perfectly which, and I went in through the hidden passage from my room, and the lady was gone, sir; but she had been murdered first; the bed was a pool of blood."

"Horrible!" cried Charles, starting, and shuddering as he stood.

"And I could do nothing till Mr. Walter came back, late that evening. Then he like to went mad in that room, and he said nothing I could understand, but cries and groans like a speechless animal; and at last down the little stair he ran, and I following, just saw him disappear in the darkness, and not a word nor a sign to say where he was going. I was all of a tremble, and just turned back through the room, and dashed the clothes back over the bed, and ran out and locked the door, and never went near it again, and Master Walter was not heard of, as I know of, for years; but the old squire was a strange man, and might have news of him without ever telling the like of us a word."

"I never heard anything of this," said Graburn.

"Not likely you should, sir. It was when she was an infant; and though I still call her a girl, she's fifty-six if she's a day."

"When did he come back, then," said Charles.

"Not long before the old squire died, and that's five-and-forty years now since. He said nothing to me, nor I to him. It was just as if neither of us knew what the other was thinking of; and so it always has been—not a word between us. But I saw he sought to see the child, and I brought her in my hand one day from the woman's where I boarded her, for my husband was dead; and he looked at her, and said, 'How old is that hideous creature?' 'Ten years,' I said, looking full at him. So he understood, and gave me a great sum of money—£20—and turned away."

"How strange!" said Graburn.

"I don't know," said the old woman; "she *was* a hideous discreditable creature, and grew worse and worse. But he always behaved very well, and when the old squire died, he gave me this cottage and money enough yearly; and now I can understand perfectly well the legacy is for her; for I am but a few days more for this world, and I've made her safe of it."

"Of course he was not married to the lady," said Graburn.

"He was," said the old woman.

"Oh, no, no," cried Charles, quickly; "no, he could not have been. Why do you think so? I hope not; for in that case she is the heiress."

"Oh, Lord, no," said the old woman. "What could *she* do with the castle and the estate; he knew better than that; a few hundred pounds suit her much better than your thousands."

"I don't know how that may be," said Charles; "but I do know, if she is his legitimate daughter, the thousands are not mine."

"Nonsense," said the old woman; "I would not have told you if I had thought. To think of our old Phillis being the lady of Castle Harkstone, indeed!"

"What reasons have you for believing them married?" said Charles.

"He said he was," said the old woman, "in his letter, and I never doubted it; but don't go to trouble yourself about it. Give the girl a little money year by year, and let her live on in the cottage here, with some one to live with her. Folks have a notion she's something of a daughter to me, though wrong enough; but that's no matter."

"Where's the letter?" said Graburn.

"It was used to be in my box; but I dare say the mice have eaten it," said the old woman.

"Let me see, however," said Walter.

"I will, sir, I will," said the old woman, "if I can lay my hand on it; but I'm desperate tired."

Charles perceived she was; but he also perceived her reluctance to let him see what he asked for. However, he would not lose the opportunity; and succeeding in obtaining from her the key, which she acknowledged was in her pocket by the bed, he unlocked the only box in the room, and saw in one corner a heap of hoarded money, and in another some yellow papers, perishing with age, tied up with a string.

"That's them," said the old woman. "Take 'em, and just put them in the fire; there's nobody but me knows of 'em, and you also now; and when I'm gone, you'll have the secret all to yourself."

Graburn did take them, and giving back her key, bade her good-morning, and said he would call again to-morrow, and have a little more talk with her, for he was sorry to see how he had tired her.

"Ay, ay," said the old woman. "And as you go out, be so good, sir, as to call the girl, and send her to me."

Graburn did as she requested, and looked with altered eyes upon the half-witted ancient girl, who he believed had already thrust him from his place in the fine old castle. He eagerly took out the withered letters as he walked along, and tenderly stretching the crumbling paper, read with the utmost difficulty the one in which Walter asked the aid of Martha for the lady who he swore to her was his wife; while the other papers proved to be a certificate of the marriage and baptism.

"That's enough," said Charles, putting back the document. "So it's all over with me and Harkstone."

He walked very soberly home, and ate his dinner without a very good appetite. Next morning early, he went again to Martha's cottage to get further information if possible; but, early as he came, it was too late. The old woman, over-excited yesterday, had died in the night; and Phillis, on her knees, was scrubbing the floor, while one of the neighbors superintended the arrangements which followed the bustle of a sudden death.

"The secret is all to myself now," thought Charles.

CHAPTER II.

A KING AMONG MEN.

As soon as the young captain got back to the castle from the old woman's house, he ordered a horse, and rode off to the town where Mr. Spoker, the attorney, lived. To him he communicated the discoveries, and the unwelcome fact that the nearest of kin was Phillis, the old man's legitimate daughter.

Mr. Spoker was excessively vexed. He read and re-read the documents to convince himself, if he could, that they were insufficient proofs of her claims.

"After all, Captain Graburn," said he, "it is plain Mr. Chinaway did not mean her to have it. He knew all about her, as well as he could know anything; and it's my opinion, from that first paper he drew up, in which he evidently had forgotten the spelling of your name, that he meant the estate for you, but preferred writing another, in which he called you next of kin, to making inquiries about you."

"I think so, too," said Charles; "but the words are clear against me, and perhaps the meaning also."

"Why did the old fool show them to you?" said Mr. Spoker.

"Not from any good-will to Phillis," said Charles; "merely because I *would* see them."

"Why could not you let them alone?" said the attorney.

"That don't matter now," said Charles. "The hideous old girl has her rights saved by it."

"But perhaps," said Mr. Spoker, "the documents are forged. Who can tell?"

"I'm sure *I* can't," said Charles.

"Besides, this Phillis may not be the same child. She may be the old woman's, put in place of the right one. She did not say this girl was *not* her own?"

"Yes, she did."

"No, no; she did not tell you that."

"She did, though."

"She did! What was the use of going to the cottage? You are the only witness against yourself."

"Except these papers."

"Oh, hang the papers!"

"Do you think," said Charles, "they would stand in a court of justice? How do you think a jury would decide?"

Mr. Spoker took them, examined them all through again, to discredit them if possible."

"They would give it against you," said he. "Plague! Besides, the old girl would be much better off with a hundred pounds a-year, than with more," said Mr. Spoker; "her father knew that well enough."

"Very true," said Charles; "but the money's not mine to give or keep."

"If you had let the tower alone till the architect came," said Mr. Spoker, "the old woman would have been dead by that time."

"Well, it's all over," said Charles. "I have not sold my commission; that's one good thing, and I shall be no worse off than I was before."

"Besides," said Mr. Spoker, "the girl's a fool, and can't make a will. She's old and unhealthy; you must come in before long as her natural heir."

"Next of kin again?" said Charles, smiling. "No, thank you; one tumble's enough," added he, quoting the Fire-king's opinion.

He was in haste to leave the scene of his short-lived fortunes; but he waited, for the sake of his unwelcome cousin, to break to her the change of her fate. He returned to the cottage where the old woman's corpse lay, in the grand serenity of old age, upon the bed, and the forlorn ancient girl sat solitary by it.

"I want to speak to you, Phillis," said he; "come this way, will you?" and she followed him into the little kitchen. "What's to become of you, now that your friend there has left you?"

"Mother, do you mean?" said Phillis.

"Ay."

"Mother said I was to bide in the house," said Phillis.

"But what shall you do for money?"

"There's some in the box; and mother said I was to have it."

"Have you the key," said Captain Graburn.

"He's in mother's pocket," said Phillis.

Charles bade her fetch it, and unlocked the box to see what effect the wealth therein contained would have on her. She looked at it quite unmoved.

"There is a great deal, indeed," said Charles. "Shall you ever spend it, do you think?"

"Yes, I suppose," said Phillis.

"Yes, yes, money slides away; and so it would if you were much richer."

Phillis made no answer, but began to dust the inside of the box.

"And do you know, Phillis," said Captain Graburn, "that you *are* much richer. Mr. Chinaway—you know?—the master, I mean, who died last month; he has left the castle to you."

Phillis went on dusting; but the tears spurted out of her eyes, and she hung down her head. She was so accustomed to be the object of mockery and jeering, that she believed herself to be so now; and Charles Graburn perceived it.

"Don't think I am making a joke of you," said he. "You can hardly believe it; but upon my honor, you are his daughter, and every thing he had comes to you."

She put down the lid of the box, dusted the top, and went back to the bedroom, plainly convinced that the grand gentleman was amusing himself at her expense, and that she must be patient as usual. He got up to follow her, but reflected that as she took it in this way, the news would come better by means of some of the people she was accustomed to talk with; and having no mind to dwell on it more himself than was necessary, he went back to the castle, sent for Mr. Spoker, and delivered up everything to him just as it had been when he came first, and commended to his care the hapless heiress.

"If she prove quite a natural," said Mr. Spoker, "she must be made a ward in chancery; and as you are next heir, the court will

give you the management of the estates. But if she have wits enough to get along for herself—somebody must be found to live with her."

"Ay, ay, that's the best way; I want nothing more to do with it," said Charles. "And I thank you, Mr. Spoker, for your good offices throughout the affair (besides professional services, which we'll settle;) I heartily wish you farewell. I shall run to the station and catch the up train; and you'll be so good, will you, as to send my traps after me."

"Fare you well, sir," said old Spoker, and the tears came in his eyes. "You are an honorable man as ever lived. I wish to my heart you had not gone into the south tower."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE KING'S WORD.

Never had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VI., of France, in the year 1450, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—these were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Richemont, constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favorite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked:

"What, are they *all* gone?"

"All, sire."

"Well, Giac, that is a good joke," said the king, laughing, and turning to his favorite.

"Yes, sire," answered Giac, "and the misfortune could not have befallen your majesty at a luckier moment."

"Way so?"

"The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty."

At this moment a page announced the Comte de Richemont, constable of France; and the countenance of the marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gaiety, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

"My cousin is welcome!" cried the king, at the same time looking towards the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

"Well, Giac," said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favorite, while expecting the entrance of the constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him, "the throw is with you."

"Sire," stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

"What is the matter?"

"You are aware that the constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged."

"Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you."

"But circumstances might occur, your majesty—" said the marquis, trembling.

"There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word—"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the constable.

"Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges!" cried Charles. "I have already heard what has taken place at St. Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors! But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?"

"I am come, sire," answered the count, "to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France."

"Not so hasty, cousin," cried Charles, knitting his brows. "It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us."

"It is not *mine*, sire," answered the constable, proudly, and with emphasis.

"I know, I know," said the king. "You are a faithful servant."

The count bowed coldly.

"When I received the constable's sword from your majesty," said he, "and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Very true, cousin."

"Four months have elapsed since then; I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail; the traitors deserted secretly.—It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised."

"What!" cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; "I did not send the money?"

"No, sire."

"No? And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose!——What has become of it?"

"Ask the Marquis de Giac, your majesty: perhaps he knows," answered the constable, coldly.

The marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the king's question:

"Sire," said he, "out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your majesty; and the rest I took in part payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy."

"So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!" cried the constable, angrily turning to the marquis: "you are truly an excellent treasurer!"

"Whether I am so or not," answered the marquis scornfully, "it is not your business to decide." The constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee, before the king, and presented his sword:

"Here, sire," said he, "is my sword back again."

"No, my cousin, we will not accept it," cried Charles; "for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it. The constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side-glance at the marquis:

"Since you command it, sire," said he, "I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honor of my king and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me."

"Most willingly, cousin."

"As constable of France," continued the count, "I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges."

"Right!"

"Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shown to me that would be shown to yourself." Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with a side-look at his visibly anxious favorite: "It shall be so, cousin," said he, "but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honor for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac."

"I answer for his life, sire," said the constable. Then turning to the marquis:

"My lord marquis," said he, "you are my prisoner."

A few hours after the visit of the constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This, at least, was the form under which the constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the marquis, for a long list of offences he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the especial protection of the king. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the king, as well as that of the constable, was undoubted security for his life. But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet, in comparison with which, death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous king at the time when the will of the constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that the door of the prison opened, and the mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former, announced to him that his fate was decided.

"My Lord Marquis de Giac," said the mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, "draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you."

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul which enabled him to meet with fortitude, inevitable evils, arose courteously, and walking up to the mayor almost with an air of pride:

"Let me hear it!" he said. "But, pray, use not many words."

"As you command," replied the mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: "The supreme administrator of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attainted of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword."

"How? Death?" cried the prisoner, more in anger than terror.

"Allow me to proceed, my lord marquis; I have not yet done," said the mayor; and he read on: "In consideration, however, of its having pleased his majesty, our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his own royal word, the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance, which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting, that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favor of the royal pardon offered him."

"And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?" asked the prisoner, turning pale.

"It is as follows," said the mayor, reading further: "That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword, to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder."

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honorable race, and one who had long stood high in the favor of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 5th of June, 1456, an agitation began on the market place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets, and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market place, the entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the enclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow, and those who stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this, the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling-houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor. At a little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man, whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, showed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the meantime five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victims appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit, who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, amidst the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murder, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

"I demand of you, Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?"

"No," answered the marquis, in a firm voice.

"Then," continued the officer of justice, "you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman."

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and —— A shriek of horror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: "Go, tell the constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no hand with which to perform the duty of executioner—"

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the marquis received the pardon of the constable, who admired courage still more than he hated political crime.

SOMETHING WORTH THINKING OF.—The object of our life's education is to *train* the spirit, or willing power, not merely to *inform* it. How can this be done without some understanding of its faculties, not as abstractions, but as they operate in connection with brain or nerve? We must not forget that it is in this connection only that we have anything to do with it, or know anything about it. As already said, motive is never unmixed; and our morality includes the government of the body as well as the direction of the will and the belief. The three graces are, we conceive, good-temper, good-sense, and good-health; and the wise old heathens, who deified these graces as female beauties, meant only to teach that the training of women should unite them all. We would most strenuously insist first of all on the necessity of attention to every means conducive to good bodily health, not only from its value in relation to true feminine grace, but also because without outward health that inward sanity which is expressed by good temper and good sense is most apt to be absent. That, indeed, must be a life of faith on the truth of the spirit, which can at any time be superior to the distractions of a disordered body. Whatever faith, whatever love we feel, is doubtless to be proved by our mastery over the body.—Knowledge must rectify will, but a sound body is essential to the co-operation of the sensational with the moral will.—*Eclectic Review, for August.*

☞ Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough.

THE past lives o'er again,
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning present is its image.

☞ Seldshness—sensibility kept at home.

☞ Slander—a person of whom the Greeks showed a due appreciation when they made the word synonymous with devil.

JACK'S BILL OF FARE ON SHIPBOARD.—We have seen how the sailor is lodged, and how his meals are served to him in the service; now let us see how he fares in other respects. His frugal board is set, as a general thing, with salt beef and hard bread, hard bread and salt beef—just that and nothing more, morning noon and night, week in and week out, year in and year out. Anything and everything over and above that simple fare is looked upon by the master as a work of superrogation, for which Jack is expected to give thanks, with all meekness and humility, evermore. Where the living is tip-top, the forecastle is illumined, once or twice a week, with either beans, peas, or rice—one of them, no more—and on Sunday Jack is expected to be made everlastingly happy if he is treated to "duff," or common minute pudding made of flour. Once a week he gets a taste of pork with his beans, and morning and night he has served to him coffee or tea.

Take that list and compare it with the bill of fare of any class of persons in our country—black, white or gray—and I will venture to say that when you come to consider the long catalogue of dishes, broils, fries, stews, bakes, puddings, pies, vegetables, dried meats, dried fish, apples, butter, eggs, sugar, molasses, raisins, &c., you will readily see that the Yankee boy, nor no other lad in his senses, is very likely to run away from home and go a roving on the sea more than once, with experience of such a bill of fare. But if the food furnished was always good, it would not be so bad. The complaints of the food, both as to quality and quantity, are frequent and loud, and would appear from evidence to be often well founded. I have seen specimens of the bread and meat, both produced in court, that were perfectly disgusting.

A worse feature still, is the fact that the sailor can in no way so effectually compromise himself with the master and officers, and bring down on himself their wrath, as to utter one word of complaint, or suggestion about his food. Whether it is served to suit him, or entirely otherwise, he must hold his peace, or be hazed and worked up the rest of the voyage.—*Cor. Boston Transcript.*

A VERY VALUABLE HINT TO THE READERS OF BOOKS OF TRAVEL.—Fancy a Frenchman, entirely ignorant of the English tongue, landing at Boston, and stopping at the Tremont House or Parker's: he visits the State House, the Athenæum, Bunker Hill, the wharves, etc. Then on Sunday he wishes to know something about the religion of these strange people—so he goes across the street to the King's Chapel, and finds that it is closed—so he walks down the street in the burning sun to Brattle street, where he hears a comfortable drony kind of sermon, which seems to have as composing an effect upon the fifty or a hundred persons who are present as upon himself. In the afternoon he finds his way to Trinity Church, (somebody having charitably told him that that is the most genteel place,) and there he hears "our admirable liturgy" sonorously read out to twenty or thirty people, all of whom are so engrossed in their devotions that the responses are entirely neglected. Having had enough of what the Irishman called the English lethargy, he returns to his lodgings, and writes in his notebook that the Americans seldom go to church, and when they do, go there to sleep in comfortable pews. Then he makes a little tour of a fortnight to New Haven, Providence, Springfield, etc., and returns to France to write a book of travels in New England. And what are all his observations worth? I'll tell you. They are worth just as much, and contain just as faithful a representation of the state of society in New England, as four-fifths of the books of travellers in France, Spain and Italy do of the condition of those countries. Kenelm Digby wisely remarks that one of the great advantages of journeying beyond sea to a man of sense and feeling, is the spectacle of general travellers: it will prevent his being ever again imposed upon by these birds of passage, when they record their adventures and experience on returning to the north.—*Cor. Boston Gazette.*

YANKEE REPARTEE.—Last week we had a lecture on Yankee characteristics, to which we all went; it was very amusing. Some of the Yankee anecdotes were the best I ever heard; but the point being chiefly in the characteristic manner, would not read so well. Two, however, did strike me as very good, and you shall have the benefit of them.

A Yankee captain was dining with some Englishmen in Liverpool, at the time of the Ostend conference and trouble about Cuba.

"You Yankees are growing too saucy," said one of the Great Britains; "we shall have to go over and give you a thrashing, to bring you down a peg."

"What! again?" was the captain's only reply.

The other was of an English captain, commanding one of the Cunard steamers, who, just setting sail for Liverpool from Boston, found the tide beginning to ebb, and was steaming down the harbor and out of the channel as fast as possible, to get over the bar before the water should fall so low as to make it impossible. His progress was arrested by a schooner very clumsily managed, that tacked so awkwardly as completely to prevent his going on without running her down. He lost his patience at last, and mounted the paddle-box, while crew and passengers crowded to the sides to hear what would follow. He hailed the schooner, and inquired who she was.

"Sally Ann, of Nantucket; carries wood 'twixt here and Marblehead."

"Who commands her?"

"Wall—I undertook to do it, but I guess I've found she's a little too much for me."

I believe this is perfectly authentic, and certainly delightful.—*Cor. Press.*

"BLOODY, BOLD AND RESOLUTE."—Buffalo "locals" are getting bloody. The new local of the Republic replies sharply to some strictures of the Express, and uses the following sanguinary hint. Hear him:

"We have had twelve paces measured ere now, upon a field that was not a bloodless one, and the same hand which can guide the pen can also be relied upon when the hair trigger is in requisition."

"There's no mistaking that hint" as the Irishman remarked when pitched out of a third story window, in intimation that his company was not wanted.

THE STYLE OF CONUNDRUMS IN FLORIDA.—Key West Island is about the size of the new Great Eastern steamer, but more thinly populated. The means of supporting human life on the island may be guessed at from the following series of conundrums propounded by the ship-steward to "an important personage" in the crowd on shore: Steward—"Have you got any beef?" Ans.—"No!" "Eggs?" "No!" "Milk?" "No!" "Any chickens ashore?" "No!" "Veal?" "No!" "Mutton?" "No!" Steward, (in despair and a clean shirt,) "Have you anything to eat on the island?" "Oh, yes—turtle—lots of it." So sundry green turtles were brought on board, and we have been turtleized in every conceivable form in which turtle ever has been cooked, and what new forms the imagination of the cook could invent. The dinner bills of fare discourse somewhat in this style: soup, turtle; fish, turtle; boiled turtle; roast turtle; side dishes, turtle steak, turtle tarts, turtle augratin, stewed turtle, turtle on the half shell, &c., game, turtle doves, (alluding, no doubt, to one that dove overboard,) and so on, including turtle at discretion, (and a slight discount.) Sometimes, I hear, the inhabitants of Key West got a little beef from Tampa Bay, but not often, turtle being the stand by, and the people politically hard-shells.

A TELL-TALE WORLD.

"Two lovers kiss each other in the meadows,
They think that no one sees the fond betrayal,
But the green meadows see them, and are faithless;
To the white flocks incontinent they say all,
And the white flocks proclaim it to the shepherd,
And the shepherd to a highway traveller brings it,
He to a sailor on the restless ocean tells it,
The sailor to his spice-ship thoughtless sings it,
The spice ship whispers it upon the waters,
The waters rush to tell the maiden's mother."
—*Bowring's Russian Poetry.*

☞ SHADE OF NOAH WEBSTER, PROTECT US!—The following lines were addressed at a late examination of teachers in Ohio to the county examiners, by an applicant for a certificate:

"if you see propper to Gieve a sertificate please to send it by *Malle to Braut Po Of.*"

It is needless to say that the "*Sertificate*" was not sent by "*Malle*," as desired.

☞ GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.—An Ethiopian infant, just born.

☞ A SILVERY ODOR.—Jones is getting luxurious. The other day he purchased a bottle of the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. We met him shortly after, and asked him how he liked it, remarking, at the same time, that it ought to smell sweet. "Oh, very sweet," said Jones, with a wry face. "What does it smell strongest of?" we asked. "Well," replied the little joker, "it smells strongest, I should say, of fifty (s)cents."

☞ There is no deeper law of nature than that of change.

——"No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the *trosting* winds and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens and states;
Maids, matrons—nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viporous slander enters." —*Shakspeare.*

☞ The phrase "Knowledge is power," is justly ascribed to Lord Bacon; but he did not make use of it in those precise words. What Bacon said (and it occurs in the third aphorism of the first book of the "Novum Organum,") is this: "Knowledge and human power are synonymous, since the ignorance of the cause frustrates the effect. For nature is only subdued by submission, and that which in contemplative philosophy corresponds with the cause, in practical science becomes the rule."

☞ The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact that, in the households of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is, all over the world, the source of friendship."

KNOWLEDGE is sweet, and nature is a nurse
Gentle and holy; and the light and air,
And all things common, warm it like the sun,
And ripen the eternal seed within. —*Willis.*

☞ An independent man is described by Pitt as "one who cannot be depended upon." Pitt knew, and, as a politician, none knew better.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon utters the following pointed truth: "We have abundance of agencies, we have good mechanism, but the church now a-days is very much like a large steam-engine, without any fire, without any hot water in the boiler, without any steam.—There is everything but steam, everything but life."

☞ In reply to Mr. Dundas, in the House of Commons, Sheridan observed,—"The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his fancy for his facts."

☞ The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business, certainly, than being raised by it.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct	'62 109	—
" "	'67 116	—
" "	'68 116	—
" 5 "	'83 106	—
Phila 6 pr ct	85	86
" " new	93	93
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy city 6 pr ct	—	—
" county "	75	(2)
Alle co RR 6's	70	75
Penn		
" 5 "	79½	80
" " coupon	81½	82
Penn 6 pr ct	74	75
" 5 " coupon	73	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	97	98
Penn RR 6 pr ct	95	96
Sch nav'gation '82	83	84
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	75
P G & N RR "	90	95
Reading RR "	75	79
" " m'rt "	80	85
H & Lan RR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	—	—
Penn RR "	70	75
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 RR 6 pr ct	80	81
Long I RR "	60	62
Sch Nav '82 "	87½	90
Lehigh Nav "	92	94
Mort "	94	95
CANAL.		
Sus & Tid '78"	40	50
Union Canal	44	45
Williams & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	60	65
2d " 7 pr ct	50	60
Catawissa "	45	50
North Penns 6 pr ct	40	45
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	120	130
Penns	41	42
Sus Meadow	40	45
North Penns	8	10
Phil Ger & Nor	50	55
Reading	22½	23
Mine Hill	53½	54
Har & Lan	82	85½
Chester Val	3	5
Penn	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	20	23
Long Island	7½	8
Wilmport & Elmira	12	15
Catawissa	—	61
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	10	12
" preferred	15	20
Lehigh Nav	49	51
Morris consolidated	44	45
" preferred	80	85
C & Del	—	—
Union	6½	8
Sus & Tidewater	—	—
BANK STOCKS		
North Amer	140	150
Penna	100	104½
Phila	110	117
Far & Mec	60½	63½
Commercial	49½	53
N Liberty	50	59
Mechanics	98	105
Southwark	85	87
P Township	63	70
Kensington	60	70
Guard	10	16½
Western	65½	67
Man & Mech	26	25½
Commerce	65	68
Tradesman's	45	—
City	48	57
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	—	75
Corn Exchange	—	—
Girard	105	—
M & M Bank	51	—
Bk Ge Pitts	55	—
Kentucky	100	103
Northern, Ky	111	115
Louisville, Ky.	108	109½
Farmers, Ky.	109	110
Union, Nash Tenn	90	100
Plant's, Tenn	100	105
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	120	125

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression noticed in the Flour market last week has been increased by the discouraging foreign accounts and an accumulation of stock. The export demand has been quite limited, and holders have been compelled to submit to a further concession of 25c ₱ bbl. The only reported sales for shipment are 1000 bbls standard brands made from new Wheat at $5,50, at which it is freely offered; 3500 bbls Western extra at $5 25@6; 300 barrels choice Kentucky do at $6, and some extra family at $7. The sales to the trade have been to a limited extent, within the range of the same quotations for common and extra brands, and $6,25@7,50 for extra family and fancy lots. Rye Flour has declined 12½c, with small sales at $4,37½. Corn Meal is dull at $4 ₱ bbl. The stock is very small.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat early in the week were liberal, and prices fell off 5c ₱ bush, but on Wednesday a better demand sprung up—partly for shipment—and prices advanced 10c. The sales comprise about 47,000 bush Southern, Penna and Western at $1,17@1,25 for inferior and prime red, and $1,23@1,45 for white, closing at our highest quotations for prime lots. The bulk of the transactions were at $1,25@1,35 for red, and $1,35@1,40 for white. Rye comes in slowly, and commands 75c. Corn has advanced. 1000 bush yellow sold at 75@80c, closing at the latter. Oats have been in better request, and 10,000 bush sold at 32@35c ₱ bush for Southern, and 37@38c for prime Penna.

PROVISIONS—But little doing in any description, and the receipts and stocks continue light. Small sales of Western Mess Pork at $26,75@27, and Prime at $22,50 cash, and little to be had at these figures. City packed Mess Beef is selling for ship's use at $20 ₱ bbl cash. Bacon—There is some little inquiry for the South, but the high rates now being realized have restricted the home consumption. The stocks are very small, and prices firm at the late advance. Sales of Hams at 14@15c for plain, and 15@15½c for fancy canvassed; Sides at 15@15½c, and Shoulders at 13@13½c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days, closing at our highest figures. Of Green Salted Meats there is little or no stock left to operate in. Lard continues scarce, and is held very firmly. Small sales of leaf in bbls at 16c, and kegs at 17c ₱ lb, cash. Butter—There has been rather more inquiry, but prices are unchanged. Sales of solid packed at 13@15c ₱ lb, cash. Nothing doing in Roll. Prices of Cheese are unchanged.

BARK—There has been a steady demand for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of 200 hhds No 1 have been made at $41 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is scarce and unchanged.

BEESWAX—Continues steady at 23@25c ₱ lb, cash, for Yellow.

CANDLES—There is but little demand for any description. Small sales city manufactured Adamantine at 12c ₱ lb, 4 mos. Sperm are dull.

COAL—There has been more inquiry for the Eastward, in consequence of the reduced stocks there, and a decline in the rates of freight from here. Cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash are making at $3,75@3,93 ₱ ton, and Red Ash at $3 93@4,25, cash, as to quality. Bituminous Coal is not wanted, and no sales have come under our notice.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 600 bags Rio at 11¾@12c, and 100 bags Java at 15½c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER—Continues very dull, and the sales of English Sheathing and Yellow Metal have been only in a small way at our former quotations.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet. There has been very little inquiry, as the manufacturers are purchasing only to supply their immediate wants, and notwithstanding the light receipts and reduced stocks, the tendency of prices has been in favor of buyers. Sales of 300 bales at 10½c ₱ lb for Uplands, and 10½@11c, on time, for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been unusually limited. Among them were about 100 casks Soda Ash at 3c, 6 mos; some Vermillion at 81c; Coalbear at 45c; Yellow Mustard Seed (English) at 12c, and Bleaching Powders at 2c 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering. Small sales of geese Western at 38@38½c ₱ lb, short time.

FISH—The market is well supplied with Mackerel, but the demand has been quite limited. The only sales reported are small lots from store at $3@3,50 ₱ bbl for medium No 1's, which is a decline; $13@14 for No 2's, and $9 for No 3. Large Nos 1 and 2 continue scarce. Large 3's sell to retail at $9,50. An invoice of new Pickled Herring has arrived and is held at $4. Codfish is very scarce.

FRUIT—The absence of supplies of Foreign restricts operations. About 100 boxes Sicily Lemons sold at $4 ₱ box. Bunch Raisins are scarce and worth $4. Green Apples and Peaches continue abundant. The former are selling at $1 to $3 ₱ bbl, and the latter at $1,62½ ₱ basket.

GINSENG—There is no demand for either Crude or Cleaned, and prices are nominal.

GUANO—Prices are unchanged, and the sales have been only in a small way.

HEMP—There has been little or no inquiry, and no sales.

HIDES—There have been no further sales this week.

HOPS—Continue very dull. Small sales of Eastern and Western at 5 to 6c ₱ lb, as to quality. The old crop are almost unsaleable.

INDIGO—The demand has fallen off, but holders are firm in their demands. A small sale of Bengal at $1,35 ₱ lb, 6 months.

IRON—There has been very little inquiry for any description. The stringency of monetary affairs continues to depress the market for Pig Metal, but prices have undergone no quotable change. The only sales reported are small lots of Anthracite, from store, at $28, $25 and $24 ₱ ton, 6 months, for the three numbers. Prices of Scotch Pig are nominal. Blooms are firm at our last quotations. Prices of Bar and Boiler are unchanged.

LEAD—The demand has been limited. A small sale of Spanish is reported at 6½c ₱ lb, equal to cash.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for Spanish Sole and Slaughter, without change in prices.

LUMBER—Prices are steady, but the demand has fallen off. Among the sales are a cargo of Deals, at a price kept private, and 500,000 Cedar Laths at $1,75 ₱ M. An invoice of 100 cross ties St Domingo Mahogany remains unsold.

MOLASSES—There has been nothing doing in any description, and prices are entirely nominal.

NAVAL STORES—The market has been extremely quiet. Sales of Common Rosin in lots at $2,80@2,90 cash, and Soap from $2,75 to $6—according to quality. 200 bbls Tar sold at $2. Pitch sells slowly at our quotations.—Spirits Turpentine is steady, but the demand for it is limited. Small sales at 44c, cash, and 45@47c, 4 mos.

OILS—There has been but little Red Oil offering. The demand for Linseed Oil has fallen off. Sales at 75@77c, cash. There is very little Lard Oil here, but the demand for it has been very limited. We quote, in the absence of sales, No 1 Winter at $1,30@1,35, 4 mos. Fish Oils meet a steady store demand at full rates. Sales of dark Winter Whale at 45c, and Winter Sperm at $1,45, 4 and 6 mos.

PLASTER—Has been but little inquired after. Sales of a cargo on Sail at $2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, but the stock is light, and prices unchanged. Sales of 50 casks at $5,25@5,50, 4 mos.

SALT—Meets a steady inquiry. An invoice of 8000 sacks Ground, and 1500 sacks Ashton's Fine has arrived, of which 2000 sacks of the former was consigned to a dealer, and the balance disposed of on terms kept secret.

SEEDS—The demand is confined to Cloverseed, continues trifling, and prime lots are wanted at $7,25@7,37½ ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy is in steady demand at $3@3,25 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is worth $1,80@1,85.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant, without change from former quotations.

SPIRITS—There has been a steady inquiry for Brandy and Gin at former quotations. N E Rum sells as wanted at 32@35c. Whiskey has been in better request, and prices are firmer. Sales of bbls at 25@26c; hhds 24@25c. Drudge at 23@24c.

SUGAR—The depression noted for some time past still continues—the refiners and the trade still holding off for some further concession, and the transactions have been limited. Among them were 800 hhds Cuba at 7¾@8c; Porto Rico at 8½c, and 100 hhds Boston Refined at the close of last week at 10¼@10½c, 4 mos—the latter for Hard Crushed.

SUMAC—Prices remain without change. About 500 bags Sicily sold at 2¾@3c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

TALLOW—Continues scarce. Small sales of City Rendered at 12½c ₱ lb, cash, and Country at 11½c.

TEAS—The demand has been limited, but prices are firm for both Black and Green.

TOBACCO—There has been a steady inquiry for Manufactured, but the demand for Leaf is limited. The accounts from Virginia state that the crop has commenced coming forward earlier than usual.

WINES—No sales have been reported.

WOOL—The demand has materially fallen off—the principal manufacturers having withdrawn from the market for the present, in consequence of the unsettled state of monetary affairs, and the sales have been only in a small way, to supply their immediate wants. Prices are less firm, but there has been as yet no quotable concession.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 227 and 229 North Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb a @10	
Sirloin steak	16 @ 0	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@16	Young Lamb, whole	$3,00
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcase	6 @ 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 @10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	50 @75	Hind do	12½
Leg, cook.	31½@37½	Chop	12½
Skin	25 @ 0	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 @12½	Sweetbread, each	0
Liver ₱ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	16 @20	Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, ₱ set	18½@ 21
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @ 8
Chop ₱ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	13 @ 14
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Hams, sliced	12½@ 14
		Bologna Sausage	10 @ 10
VEGETABLES.			
Turnips bkt	42 @50	Corn potatoes bu	50 @ 60
do bl pk	12½@ 14	do bkt	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bl pk	14 @ 15

SETTLING A JUSTICE OVERDO.

The dignity, courtesy and ability of Chief Justice Ellsworth secured to him, everywhere, the confidence and esteem of the bar. His simplicity, purity and modesty compelled affection and respect. Yet his nature was resolute, and he knew what was due to himself, as well as what belonged to others. No one felt inclined to brow-beat him, and if the attempt had been made, no man would have vindicated his personal dignity, and the dignity of the bench, with more spirit and decision. The following anecdote may illustrate this feature of his character. While holding a Circuit Court at Philadelphia with Judge Chase, who was somewhat disappointed, it is said, at not obtaining the place occupied by Judge Ellsworth, a cause came on for trial in which Mr. Ingersoll was of counsel.

He began his argument, but had not proceeded far before Judge Chase exclaimed: "There is no dispute about that, Mr. Ingersoll, the point is well settled, and there is no need of arguing it." Mr. Ingersoll then stated his second point, but had scarcely begun to enforce it, before he was again interrupted by Judge Chase, with, "that is well settled, Mr. Ingersoll, you need not spend time to argue it." Mr. Ingersoll, evidently vexed and disconcerted at these annoying interruptions, nevertheless, proceeded to lay down his third point, when he was, in like manner, again interrupted. Indignant at this treatment, he abandoned his argument and took his seat. The Chief Justice had now borne with his associate as long as respect for himself and the Court would allow; and taking out his snuff box, and as his custom was, tapping it on the side preparatory to abstracting a pinch, said to Mr. Ingersoll, with an emphatic manner and meaning not misunderstood by his associate, "The Court has expressed no opinion, sir, upon these points, and when it does you will hear it from the proper organ of the Court. You will proceed, sir, and I pledge you my word you shall not be interrupted again;" then turned his face towards Judge Chase with a withering look of rebuke, under which the judge, with all his nerve and daring, fairly quailed.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.—Manilla contains a curiosity belonging to the animal kingdom, the equal of which is not to be seen, perhaps, in any other part of the world. Many years ago, a Padre or Priest, while presiding over his flock in one of the towns in the interior, obtained a serpent of the boa constrictor species. He tamed it, and has carefully nourished it ever since, so that now it has attained the enormous length of about thirty-five feet, and the circumference of its body is more than two feet. It is kept in a cage eight feet long by four and three wide and high, and lies coiled up and motionless, except when feeding, which is about once in twelve or fourteen days.

On one occasion when I was visiting his snakeship, a live pig, weighing forty or fifty pounds, was thrown into his cage. Immediately the immense fold of the serpent surrounded the animal, and a squeal, a struggle, and a few convulsive movements, were all that indicated its expiring agony. After about fifteen minutes, the serpent began to unloose his folds, carefully watching his victim, to be sure that it was safe. Then, commencing at the pig's head, he gradually drew the whole animal into his mouth, in doing which, fifteen or twenty minutes more were occupied. The serpent's lower jaw seemed capable of expanding to almost any extent, but the upper one retained its shape during the operation.—Strange as it may appear, none of the American residents could tell where this serpent was kept, and a very intelligent captain, who has sailed to Manilla for years, had never heard of it.

A GENUINE ANGLO SAXON.—While I was waiting at the station, the express train from Paris came along; many of the passengers left their places (like Mr. Squeers) to stretch their legs. Among them was a man whose acquisitive eye, and black satin waistcoat and fashionable hat (such as no man but an American would think of travelling in,) and coat with the waist around his hips and six or eight inches of skirt, immediately fixed my attention. Before thought, he had asked me if I could speak English. I set him at his ease by answering that I took lessons in it once when I was young, and he immediately launched out as follows:—"Well! this is the cussedest language I ever did hear. I don't see how in *the* devil these blasted fools can have lived so long right along side of England without trying to learn the English language!" The whistle of the engine cut short the declaration of his sentiments, and he was whizzing on towards Lyons a moment after. Whoever that man may have been, he owes it to himself and his country to write a book. His work would be as worthy of consideration as the writings of two-thirds of our English and American travellers, who think they are qualified to write about the government and social condition of a country, because they have travelled through it.—*Cor. Bost. Gaz.*

A DUNIOTA SONG.—The oddities of campaign songs are infinitely amusing. The Boston Post calls attention to one which has turned up in Massachusetts. A mass convention, at Worcester, of the friends of Banks, for Governor, sung a glee in which occurred this singularly infelicitous line:

"With Banks there's no such word as fail!"

In view of the numerous failures of banks this time, caused by the financial panic, the Post considers this allusion decidedly ironical.

WORD TWISTING.—A few days since a boy passing through the cars on the Cleveland and Erie road, handing out advertisements of "Nothing to Wear," illustrated. A lady remarked to a gentleman, "that takes off the ladies, I suppose." "No," said her friend, "it only takes off their dresses." "Then," replied the lady, "it is proper that a *stripling* should sell it."—*N. Y. Post.*

☞ Old Lacon very impudently says: "The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to him for his visit solely to the fact that he is tired of himself."

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

In the crisis consequent upon the Schuyler affair some years ago, a young clerk having honestly come by a few hundred dollars, bought Erie stock with it, at about thirty. It rose in a few weeks to forty-five or so. He made several thousand dollars. He continued to speculate. He bought other stocks, which rose likewise. He extended his operations, gave up his office, invested all his money and his time in his gambling schemes. All throve. Every stock he touched rose. He began to feel that he was a person of very superior judgment. His broker rather shared the opinion, listened respectfully to his orders and asked him for hints. He took a fine house and lived well. When he had made considerably over a hundred thousand dollars his broker took him into his inner room one morning.

"Mr. L——," said the honest man, "the balance in my hands due you is now $——, considerably more than you will want to live upon for the rest of your life. You have a mother and sister. If you continue to speculate, you will infallibly lose every dollar. Let me entreat and implore of you to draw out this money and go to Europe for a couple of years."

The young man laughed scornfully at the suggestion, and intimated that he was old enough to take care of himself.

"Then, sir," said the broker, "you will be good enough to withdraw your balance and close your account with me, for I will have no hand in ruining you."

He did so; engaged other brokers who were glad of the business; and was a beggar within sixty days, without employment, or money, or credit, or capacity for work.

A HANDSOME RASCAL.—A Hong Kong correspondent of the London Times gives the following account of an American pirate:

"While I am upon this subject of piracy, let me mention that an American named Ell Boggs, was tried at Hong Kong on Wednesday last for piracy and murder. His name would do for a villain of the Blackbeard class, but in form and feature he was the hero of a sentimental novel. As he stood in the dock bravely battling for his life, it seemed impossible that that handsome boy could be the pirate whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy. It was a face of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip, large, lustrous eyes, a mouth, the smile of which might woo coy maiden, affluent black hair not carelessly parted, hands so small and so delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia—such was the Hong Kong pirate, Ell Boggs. He spoke for two hours in his defence, and he spoke well—without a tremor, without an appeal for mercy, but trying to prove that his prosecution was the result of a conspiracy, wherein a Chinese bumboat proprietor and a sub-official of the colony (both of whom he charged as being in league with all the pirates on the coast), were the chief conspirators. The defence was, of course, false. It had been proved that he had boarded a junk, and destroyed, by cannon, pistol and sword, fifteen men; and that having forced all the rest overboard, he had fired at one of the victims who had clutched a rope and held on astern. No witness, however, could prove that he saw a man die from a blow or a shot struck or fired by the pirate. The jury, moved by his youth and courage, and straining hard their consciences, acquitted him of the murder, but found him guilty of piracy. He was sentenced to be transported for life."

SUICIDE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—W. T. Allen, from New England, threw himself from Table Rock, Niagara Falls, on Friday, 4th instant. It seems that the man came from Montreal, and while crossing the Suspension Bridge, inquired of the driver if any one had ever been known to go over the Falls and live.—The Jehu replied that no such case had come within his knowledge. The passenger assured the driver that he should accomplish the feat. Arriving at the Clifton House, the man registered his name, called for a room and a bottle of Champagne, and, after imbibing the wine, addressed a letter to Miss Allen, (supposed to be his sister,) in Ireland, and another to a firm in Montreal. He then went to Table Rock, walked into the water near the edge of the precipice, threw his hat over, and immediately made a similar disposition of himself. Whether he intended to commit suicide or simply out-jump Sam Patch, probably no one will ever be able to tell. He seemed to have plenty of money, and a gold watch and chain, all of which, with his body, will probably be wedged in the crevices of the rocks at the bottom of Niagara river.

LIST OF FAILURES.—The straw goods firm of Carpenter & Ide, in New York city have suspended. Liabilities large. Messrs. E. E. Bridgham & Co., commission and flour merchants, in New York, have failed. Messrs. Eaton, Hill & Chandler, and William F. Freeman, importers of drugs, in Boston, have suspended. The extensive dry goods establishment of Charles H. Mills & Co., Boston, has suspended. Their liabilities are said to be heavy. The failure of Messrs. Murray & Davis, wool dealers, of New York city, is reported. The Huguenot Bank, of Ulster county, New York, has failed. The Citizens' Bank of Smead, Collord & Hughes, at Cincinnati, has suspended. Paire & Nourse, bankers, at Washington have also suspended. The financial excitement created at Washington, D. C., by the recent suspensions, has nearly subsided. The Bank of Commerce continues to redeem its notes, but temporarily refuses depositors' checks. The banking houses continue to pay, and confidence is generally restored.

IN THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE.—The Rev. Dr. Backus, of Bethlehem, Connecticut, was a man of power as well as of eccentricity. He had a habit of dropping the thread of his discourse, and delivering himself of any thought that suddenly struck him. Thus, throwing up his spectacles, and leaning his elbows on the Bible and his chin on his hands, he would break out: "Scandal! I'll tell you what scandal is. Brother Smith has heard something about brother Jones, but it was told to him under a pledge of great secrecy; and he finds it so hard to keep it all alone, that he tries to find some one to help him, and he imparts it to neighbor Jennings, and it proves too weighty for their united capacities to bear, and they soon manage to share it with brother Fraser; and so it spreads from one to another, till at last Polly Downs hears of it, and then, whew! away it goes, and everybody knows it! And that's scandal!"

A FUSNY QUARREL.—The Albany Times says two well-known gentlemen of that city recently formed a copartnership. One has a very brief name, the other has one four times as long as the first.—Painters charge so much per foot for lettering signs, and as the new firm was obliged to have a new sign, an order was given, and it was speedily "put in place." But a few days elapsed before the bill was presented, when he of the short name made the declaration that he should be charged but one-third of the whole expense, as his name occupied only one-third of the sign! This reasoning was not perceivable to the "party of the second part," and a dissolution is talked of, as neither of the firm will back down. This is the last and most singular cause for a "division of opinion" that we have ever heard of.

DESTRUCTION OF A CARAVAN.—Letters from Syria report the total destruction in the Desert of a caravan. The latter, consisting of 500 person and 1,000 camels, laden with merchandise, started from Damascus on the 28th of June, and by some mismanagement lost its way. The entire caravan perished, with the exception of about 20 persons.

☞ MOTTO FOR THE GOVERNOR OF UTAH.—Go it while you're Young.

NEWS ITEMS.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—The Quarterly Review mentions that of the more than two hundred projects, started in Great Britain at the time of the South Sea scheme, four only have survived; and these still exists in full vigor, because founded on good sense and honest principles, viz: the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, the London Assurance Company, the York Buildings Company, and the English Copper Company.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THIS TREE."—A live oak tree has been found by Capt. E. T. Kendrick, in Florida, measuring thirty-seven feet in circumference, which throws a shade at noon forty-five yards in diameter. This tree has but five branches; one occupying a central position, the other four forming angles five feet from the ground and extending in horizontal lines, giving the tree the appearance from a distance of a small hammock with a large tree in the centre. Captain K.'s whole company, eighty-eight men, dined under the shade of this tree at noon and hitched their horses to the limbs!

A FINE OLD FOGIE.—The Woonsocket Patriot has a subscriber in Burrillville, Me., Welcome Ballou, who for fifty years has been absent from home only one night, and then when he was attending Court at Providence. He was never on board a steamboat or a railroad car, and never saw either until a short time since. He is about eighty years of age, and has been blessed with twenty-one children, nineteen of whom are now living. Ten of his children were born in the month of April, in successive and unbroken years.

THAT GOLD SNUFF BOX!—The late ceremonies in New York, in which the Scott Legion participated, were shorn of a portion of their *eclat* by the omission of the presentation ceremony which was to attend the delivery of Gen. Jackson's gold snuff box to Major Dyckman, "the bravest of the New York Volunteers." The justice of the award being disputed, the present holder of the box, Andrew Jackson, Jr., has decided not to relinquish it, and has departed in disgust for his home in Tennessee, carrying the coveted treasure with him.

AURORA BOREALIS.—Our northland sky was all a blaze for several hours of Thursday night. The centre of radiation was nearly in the zenith. From it the whole sky—almost to the horizon—was hung with curtains, shreds, folds and fringes of many colored lights. The prevailing tint was pale lilac. These sheets of light waved, danced, curled and crinkled horizontally, vertically and obliquely. Frequently, detached spots of splendor burst out like sudden snatches of vision into a hidden space where light primeval reigns.—*Ouentagen (Lake Superior) Miner.*

A HORSE PUMPING WATER.—One of our friends in Ridley, has two horses which go to the pump in his barn yard of their own accord, almost, and pump water for their own use. One of these animals commenced this singular feat last summer, and since then has learned his fellow to go through the same operation. It is really amusing to see one of these horses put his mouth to the nozzle of the pump, while the other is engaged in drawing water. The handle of the pump is of wood, and the end used by the horses has been greatly gnawed off. The above fact can be authenticated by numerous respectable persons who have witnessed the horses drawing water when their necessities required it.—*Del. Co. Rep.*

ADVERTISING AT ITS CLIMAX.—The Oleon Advertiser says editorially:

"Mr. S. N. Butler, one of our most enterprising merchants, and Miss Libbie A. Wade were united in the bonds of matrimony at the First Presbyterian Church in this village, on Tuesday morning last.—The happy couple started the same day for New York, *where the bridegroom intends purchasing a larger stock of goods than ever for net cash!*"

UTILITIZING THE ELEPHANT—AN ELEPHANT STOVE.—Rev. T. D. Worrall, of Lowell, has secured a patent for a stove of unique design. He makes it in the form of an elephant, the door being either on the side or at the rear for wood, and on the top for coal.—The hot air fills the head and trunk, which gives a great radiating surface, and it then passes down the fore legs through a hollow base and up the hind legs to the pipe.

ENCOURAGING TO SPECULATORS WHO BRING LIBEL SUITS AGAINST NEWSPAPER EDITORS.—In the suit of Munson J. Lockwood against the editor of the New York Daily Times, for a libel alleged to have been published in the letter of a correspondent some three years since, a verdict was rendered last week, at White Plains, in Westchester County, in favor of the plaintiff of six cents damages.

ALLEGED CURE FOR THE "HOG CHOLERA."—A farmer in Perry County, Kentucky, states that he has cured every case of "hog cholera" which has occurred in his drove, by throwing the suffering animal on his back, forcing open his mouth and applying a small quantity of tar to the roots of his tongue. This is certainly worth trying.

ARRIVAL OF AFRICAN APPRENTICES.—From Gaudaloupe we learn that the first cargo of African laborers had arrived by the ship Phœnix. She left the coast of Africa with 290 on board, and lost 13 on the passage, which lasted 30 days. The Administration of Gaudaloupe had been informed by the Minister of Marine that "two ships, belonging to the house of Regis, the Stella and the Clara, were about to sail for Marseilles, to recruit on the West coast of Africa the 1,200 or 1,500 emigrants that house had undertaken to supply in the course of 1857."

BLOODY DOCTRINE.—The London Post says, with reference to the mutinees in India: "At any sacrifice we must have of these demons blood for blood, and we will teach the treacherous Asiatic a lesson so fearful that he shall cower and tremble at it as long as history lasts."

A MUNCHAUSENISM FINALLY DISPOSED OF.—The great Arrowsmith hoax, published more than a year ago, by the London Times, and never fairly denied by that paper, has at last been completely wiped out as with a sponge, by the Times's special correspondent, who went to the actual scene of the reported occurrence, to discover what truth there might have been in it. He found it to have been a pure hoax; the simple-minded Arrowsmith was awfully sold by some waggish travellers, and the great Times was sold by Arrowsmith. But the whole absurdity has now got its quietus.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.—A letter of Professor Morse, gives a perfectly clear and understandable explanation of the cause of the breaking of the Atlantic telegraphic cable, and fixes the blame of the disaster where it properly belongs. Mr Bright, the head engineer, who had the laying of the cable under his sole direction, appears to have been the culprit. He had put the blame upon a mechanic, but Professor Morse says that he ordered one of his subordinates to apply the brakes, the mechanic hesitated, Mr Bright repeated the fatal order, and the mischief was done. The Professor sarcastically remarks that Mr. Bright generously gave a certificate exonerating all persons on board the ship from any blame for the disaster.

THE HAPPIEST OF BLUNDERS.—An incident took place at the Junction Hotel this afternoon, upon the arrival of the train from Indianapolis. A gentleman and lady, inspired with a sudden recognition, were observed to rush frantically into each others' arms, and the fun of it was that after a hearty embrace they discovered that both "had the advantage." They were strangers, but the lady, mistaking him for her "dear cousin Charlie," had embraced him, while he, with a half-defined recollection of having seen her before, went in lemons and "got squeezed." Their mutual embarrassment, upon the discovery of the mistake, can well be imagined.—*Lafayette (Indiana) Courier.*

REMARKABLE INDIAN PROPHECY.—It is strange that the Indian revolt should happen just a century after the taking of Bengal, by the British under Lord Clive; the battle of Plassy, which decided the fate of the country, having been fought on the 23rd of June, 1757. There has been for many years a Brahminical prediction current among the natives that the British rule in India would last just one hundred years; and this pseudo-prophecy may have had some influence in inducing the Sepoys to revolt at the present time.

A DRUNKEN BABY.—The most horrible case of precocity we have long heard, is noted at Rochester. A little son of a woman named Beebe, aged six years, now lies in the poor-house, raving with delirium tremens, brought on by a long continued course of dram-drinking.

HIGHLY INGENIOUS.—Among other properties owned by Mr. J. Watson, of this city, are two houses in the vicinity of Bristol. Among the celebrities of Bristol are its mosquitoes. The Bristol people describe these animals as being especially ferocious and a terrible scourge during the mugginess of an approaching Equinox. To get rid of them, Mr. Watson's tenants adopted a new plan, which, in point of effectiveness, needs no improvement. They removed the furniture from the lower apartments, and then strewing straw about the floors, set it on fire. In an hour afterwards, every mosquito was destroyed. We regret to add, however, that the houses shared the same fate—both were burned to the ground. This, we think, comes under the head of "A Desperate Remedy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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Give them a Trial, they will cure you.
For sale at 75 cents per bottle, by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America.

A NEW STORY BY THACKERAY.—It is said that the author of Pendennis is writing a new story, the first number of which will appear in November. We hope the rumor is true, for a new tale by Thackeray is a most attractive as a new suit, in the fall style, from the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Phila.

A REMEDY THAT CURES.—When suffering from any disease of the throat or lungs, rest assured that speedy relief can be obtained by using Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its success in such cases is unparalleled.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, 195 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons in want of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Ledyard, Ct. on the 9th instant, at the residence of Deacon Avery Gallup, by the Rev. John C. Wood, Major JACOB L. GALLUP, to Miss ANNA GALLUP, all of Ledyard.
On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOSEPH CHRISTIAN WALZER, to Miss ARNNATH M. FAIRBANKS, both of this city.
In Minnisink, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. ROBERT WHITESIDE, of Schuylkill Falls, to Miss MARGARET REAMENART, of Minnisink.
On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. ANDREW MONTGOMERY, to Miss ANNE MCCONNEY, both of this city.
On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM BAILY, to Miss ELLEN BOTHWELL, both of Philadelphia.
On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. THOMAS STEVENS, to Miss ISABELLA DELLENY, both of Bordentown, Burlington county, N. J.
On the 7th of June, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH S. FORD, to Miss ELIZA PAYNTER, both of this city.
On the 12th instant, by the Rev. P. Stanton, Mr. GEORGE MALON, to Miss MARY DYER, both of this city.
On the 26th of April, by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Mr. ROBERT KERSHAW, of Hestonville, to Miss EMMA BROOKS, daughter of the late Jonas Brooks, of this city.
On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. MICHAEL C. KELLY, of Cuba, to Miss CHRISTIANA T. daughter of Geo. W. Dohnert, Esq. of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 15th instant, MARIE A. DIEBELY, wife of Paul Meurchand, aged 58 years.
On the 14th instant, JAMES C. BACON, aged 47 years.
On the 13th instant, in Camden, N. J., DANIEL BREWTON, aged 37 years.
On the 14th instant, ANN M. SWEATMAN, wife of Adam Shivers, aged 45 years.
On the 14th instant, at Lancaster, Pa., Mrs. ANNIE, wife of Lorenzo Matthews, aged 23 years.
On the 15th instant, JOHN SINCLAIR, aged 28 years.
On the 12th instant, Mr. DAVID DAVIS, aged 46 years.
On the 11th instant, THOMAS FLOWERS, aged 47 years.
On the 12th instant, CATHARINE E. WALL, aged 41.
On the 13th instant, MARGARET O'CONNELL, aged 62.
On the 13th instant, MARY J. CARR, aged 18 years.
On the 11th instant, HENRY K. REIFF, aged 37 years.
On the 5th instant, MARIA, wife of James Schofield, aged 33 years.
On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY ROWLAND, aged 61.
On the 6th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Philip Gafney, aged 33 years.
On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH RIEGEL, aged 68 years.
On the 5th instant, RACHEL, wife of Peter Gabel, aged 69 years.
At Roxborough, on the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY MITCHELL, aged 70 years.
On the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM SIXER, aged 30 years.
In Bristol, on the 6th instant, Mr. JAMES SCULL, aged 72 years.
On the 6th instant, Mrs. JANE KELLY, aged 30 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, September 19, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	par to ¼ dis	**Rhode Island.**	
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Relief notes	¾ dis	Bk Reach Providence	70 dis
Lancaster bk	5 dis	Tiverton bk	no sale
Erie City bk	failed	Central bk	no sale
Bk of Newcastle	25 dis	Farmer's bk Wickford	80 sale
Warren co bk	no sale	South co bk	no sale
New Jersey.	par to ¼ dis	**Virginia.**	
Solvent bks	30 dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	30 dis	Bk of Kanawha	no sale
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	30 dis	Corp'n Alexandria	5 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed	**North Carolina.**	
Hargen co bk	no sale	Solv bks	3 dis
Bank New Jersey	no sale	Small notes	2 dis
Delaware.	par	**Georgia.**	
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Old bks	2 dis
Under S's	½ dis	New bks	5 to 10 dis
Maryland.		Bk Columbus	no sale
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Solvent bks	2 dis	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
District of Columbia.		**South Carolina.**	
Exchange bk	20 dis	Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	5 dis	**Alabama.**	
New York.		Bk of Mobile	3 dis
Solv bks	par to 1 dis	Other solv bks	5 dis
4th Avenue bk	3 dis	**Mississippi.**	
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	All bks	uncertain
Far bk Onondago	25 dis	**Louisiana.**	
Mec & Man bk Cayuga	20 dis	Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	20 dis	**Ohio.**	
Empire City bk	1½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis	Bk of Circleville	40 dis
Chamelain bk	no sale	Canal bk	3 dis
Farmer's bk Sa'toga	no sale	Miami Valley bk	no sale
Mechanics' bk	no sale	**Kentucky.**	
Sackett's Harbor and Ressigeuity bks	no sale	Solv bks	1½ dis
Oliver Lee bk	no sale	**Indiana.**	
Ontario bk	no sale	New solvent bks	3 dis
Bk of Orleans	no sale	State bk	1½ dis
Huguenot bk	no sale	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Maine.		Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Solv bks	1 dis	Other bks	5 to 80 dis
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis	**Illinois.**	
Ellsworth bk	failed	Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Rushville bk, Rushville,	30 dis
Canton bk 20th Class	no sale	Solvent bks	3 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Stock Security bk	30 dis
Hancock bk	no sale	**Missouri.**	
Warwick bk	no sale	Solv bks	1½ dis
New Hampshire.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Lancaster bk	closed	Solv bks	2 dis
Exeter bk	failed	Small notes	3 dis
Vermont.		Central bk	no sale
Solv bks	1 dis	New bks	3 to 5 dis
South Royalton bk	no sale	**Michigan.**	
Derby bk	no sale	Solv bks	¾ dis
Connecticut.		**Arkansas.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	All bks	no sale
Worcester bk	no sale	**Wisconsin.**	
Massachusetts		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	1 dis	**Texas.**	
Canada.		Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	½ dis		
Zimmerman	no sale		

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Wit and Humor.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WITTICISMS

Jerrold's witticisms were generally made on the prompting of the occasion, and surprised every one by the quickness with which they were conceived and uttered. What made their freedom from premeditation the more certain, they very often consisted of some clause of a sentence—perhaps of but a single word—which only was sense as taken in connection with what some other person had just said. Jerrold, who was a little, spare man, with an oval, pallid face, a keen, gray eye, and resolute mouth, usually sat somewhat aside from what might be called the current of conversation, and only opened his mouth when he could cap something with a *bon mot*. It is universally acknowledged that such good things, when put in print, fall greatly short of the impression they made when first uttered by their author; nevertheless, the few which here follow, taken down some years ago, will perhaps give a faint idea of the style of the man:

At a dinner of a society connected with the fine arts, where a queen's counsel happened to be present, the Law was unexpectedly toasted, out of compliment to him. The learned gentleman blundered out a few sentences, stating that he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the *arts*. "*Black!*" rapped out Jerrold, like a dart from a bow.

On a literary friend producing a volume of miscellanies under the title of *Prose and Verse*, Jerrold bantered him about it, as "Prose and *Worse*."

A tedious old gentleman, meeting Jerrold in Regent street, and having stopped him, posed himself into button-holding attitude, while preparing to grapple. "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?" "I am," quoth the wit, instantly shooting off along the pavement.

A dull foreigner was indulging in a rapturous description of the beauties of the *Prodigue*. "As to one song in particular (*naming the song.*) I was quite carried away." "Is there anybody here that can sing it?" said Jerrold.

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead; "and, of course," added the gentleman, "his business will go to the devil." "Oh, then, he'll get it again," said the wit.

A literary friend, who had set up a neat barouche with a pair of grays, drove Jerrold out one day into the country. As they passed through a village, the people came to their doors to behold the pretty equipage. "I think they're struck with our grays," remarked the charioteer. "I wonder what they would say of our duns!" quoth Jerrold.

He had a theory in the spirit of the *Candle Lectures*, that women rather liked that their husbands should stay out late occasionally—"it gives them a *wrong*."

Deerfield Quips and Cranks.—Among the oddities in Deerfield, Mass., is the old gentleman who goes to all the funerals, and has been to them all for fifty years past, and who says that he really cannot half enjoy one in a private house. Then there is the village expressman, whose wife died one day, as women will, occasionally, who had arranged her burial for two o'clock, and who, when it waxed towards car time, (when he must be at the station to meet the train) and the clergyman had not made his appearance, remarked with tears in his eyes, that he believed they'd have give the whole blamed thing up. It was a Deerfield man, too, I believe, who, in the old times, when capital punishment was more common than at present, had to be hung under the arms because he was ticklish about the throat.

And it was another Deerfield man, as I learn on the best authority, who returned from Boston in the old stage-coach times, and originated in the old bar-room the following joke, which I have seen going the rounds any time these ten years, but which is good enough for a repetition:

He was sitting with his neighbors before the fire, telling them of his adventures in the city.

"I saw," said he, "one of the greatest living curiosities in the world."

"Eh! what was that?" cried his friends, eagerly crowding round him.

"I saw a man," said the returned one, quietly smoking, "one side of whose face was as black as my hat and he was born so."

His astonished neighbors fell back in admiration, with many ejaculations of surprise. At length an old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, ventured to inquire what the color of the other side was?

"Oh, *that was black, too!*" responded the traveller.

The pipes were put away, and the outraged villagers retired in disgust.—*Corres. Boston Transcript.*

A Splendid Cross-Questioner.—There are anecdotes told of a certain lawyer who once figured in the Peoria Circuit Court, and in various other circuits along up the river. On one occasion this gentleman was engaged to defend a case where the charge was to the effect that the defendant's dog had lacerated the plaintiff's cow. In examining the chief witness on the part of the prosecution, he asked:

"Witness, was you present when our dog was having being bitten that cow?"

"No, squire," was the quick response.

"Did you saw the dog when he bitten her?"

"I never *sawed* the dog in my life."

"I hope the jury will remember the testimony of this witness. He never sawed the dog in his life, in course he don't know of his having bitten her at all."

The justice here suggested that he might have "*seen* the dog, if he had never sawed him."

This explained the matter, and after a while the counsel for the people understood the difference between "sawing a dog" and "seeing one."

The expression that he knew of no law in Illinois "agin a justice being a darned fool," is undoubtedly authentic. There are other anecdotes equally good of the same counsel, which we may hereafter relate, but no more at present.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

We were separated in a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a French and Dutch vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla.—We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made them a cabin of turf, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in our conversation we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at a distance of above two yards, and that, too, when we sat near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words were frozen in the air, before they could reach the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they condensed and were lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking and no man heard. One might observe a seaman who could call a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

"Nor voice nor words ensued."

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with dry, chattering sounds, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants, that broke overhead, and were often mixed with gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that so often occurs in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the three weeks we had been silent, if I may use the expression.

It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say,—"Baron, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and upon recollecting myself I knew that he had spoken these words some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My readers will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew to be the boatswain's, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these, his pious soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.—*Baron Munchausen.*

A Connoisseur.—A down-easter strayed into the square in front of City Hall, yesterday morning, and planted his brogans firmly in front of the bronze statue of Franklin, looking upward to the benignant face of the old philosopher with great apparent interest.

"What ole feller's likeness is that?" asked he of a by-stander.

"That, sir, is a statue of Benjamin Franklin."

"Statew of Franklin, eh! well I've read all about him. Putty good old fellow in his way. Never fit much in the revolution, but was great on soft soddern the French. But, I say, yeou! How *darned yaller he was!*"—*Boston Herald.*

Weighty Words.—At an excursion the members were ferried from the steamer to the shore in boat loads. A popular clergyman, noted for his obesity, had got into one of the boats, and a reverend brother seemed reluctant to follow, lest the boat should be overloaded. "Come away," said he in the boat, "there is still room for you and no danger, provided you have none of your sermons in your pocket."

Churchianity.—A capital good word, which often mistakes itself for Christianity, and thus it came. Dr. Parr had preached two sermons at Birmingham (1789) for the benefit of the charity schools there, in which he earnestly recommended to the audience two admirable sermons, which their townsman, Dr. Priestly, had written and published. The commendation gave great offence, for the name of Dr. P., who was a bold Dissenter, was poison to the orthodox ears of many of the congregation. One of them met Dr. Parr in the vestry, immediately after the sermon, and ventured to expostulate with him, and to represent to him that the sermons recommended might be admirable and good Christian doctrine, but that the author was an enemy to the church, and therefore ought never to be mentioned within its sacred precincts. Parr heard him out, and then calmly replied, "Sir, you are the best vindicator of *churchianity* I ever knew."—*Cor. National Intelligencer.*

Anecdotes of Curran.—"Would you not have known this boy to be my son, from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered—"Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the *blade*."

Mr. Curran was asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean, by perpetually putting out his tongue? Answer—"I suppose he's trying to *catch the English accent*."

Curran was engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally designed to take orders. The Judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Mr. Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the *church*, though (in a whisper to a friend behind him,) in my opinion he was better fitted for the *steeple*."

☞ The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

THE BRITISH POT REVILES THE INDIAN KETTLE.

London Dustman.—"I don't quite like the looks o' this 'ere Sepoy bisnis, Tommy."

London Sweep.—"No; but it's jist wot yer might expeck from sich a parcel o' dirty, black, hignorant scoundrels as them."

Agricultural.

PECULIARITY OF FORM.

FAULTY-HOCKED HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

In reference to spavin, it is a somewhat peculiar disease, inasmuch as its existence ranges from confirmed and incurable lameness, to being all but (sometimes, indeed,) perfectly innocuous—this not depending on its nature or size, but on the part on which it comes. If it in no way interferes with the pliability of the joint, it is, in point of fact, more exostosis on the hock-bone, that may probably remain there during the horse's life without causing him inconvenience, unless it does so during its growth, when it may produce inflammation of the external periosteum, as frequently does a splent on first appearing, from the same cause. A splent, if occurring directly below the knee, and thus interfering with the action of the joint, is virtually a spavin on the fore-leg, though called by another name; this, if only appearing, we will say, on the front of the cannon-bone, might remain there, ad infinitum, without injury. With spavins, one inch difference in the situation, causes probably all the difference between a useful or comparatively useless horse.

It requires no common eye to detect the presence of spavin in some cases. For instance, a horse with very large and prominent bones to his hocks will often appear to the inexperienced to have spavins, whereas this very circumstance is a strong guarantee against his ever being so afflicted. Such a horse is, in stable phrase, "rough in or on his hocks." It is not my province to enter into strict pathological description of the origin or nature of complaints. I merely give, as I have been requested to do, such information as pretty long experience warrants. There is one hint I will give which may help those not conversant with such matters in distinguishing between a horse with strong irregular projection on his hock, arising from naturally large bones, and the projection that is caused by incipient or confirmed spavin. In the first case the edges of the projecting bone will be found definite, decisive, and to a certain degree, sharp. In the spavin these edges do not appear; but the projection is, as it were, rounded off. The projection in the region of the part where usually spavin appears, whether natural or from disease, is usually best seen by looking at the hocks from between the fore legs; but the mistake between naturally large and diseased hocks may still be made. One criterion I have always found a correct one to go by, which is this:

Nature sometimes indulges in somewhat curious freaks in forming her creatures, quadruped or biped, and disease will sometimes so alter parts of form or feature as to render the one or the other scarcely recognisable; but she rarely afflicts two limbs in so precisely equal a degree that there is not to be discovered a difference between the appearance of the two. Thus, if the two hocks, in point of projection of bone, feel and appear *strictly* alike, however suspicious such enlargement might be (unless, indeed, the horse went lame or showed stiffness), I should feel satisfied it was natural; but the slightest difference would at once quite alter my opinion. I have had no experience as regards spavined horses in my own case, having been fortunate enough never to have a horse throw out one—and I took especial care never to buy a horse with one, or, to the best of my judgment, with hocks likely to fail either from natural weakness or bad formation; but with the complaints of horses belonging to others, I have had a good deal to do. I am not aware of there being any peculiar shaped hock more liable to spavin than another, though there decidedly is so as regards curbs. It is a very singular fact, or at least I hold it to be such, that however placed the hock of the horse may be, whether it inclines inward or outwards, or whatever may be his action or mode of going, all ailments fall on the inside; now there are joints and integuments in play on the outside as well as the in, but I never saw or heard of a spavin on the outside. There are three ways in which a horse's hocks are, as it is termed, "set under him." What I should call the proper way is when the hock, and consequently the leg, stands straight, neither inclining right nor left: such horse will be usually found to set his foot firmly on the ground, and to support the weight of the body as on a firm, steady prop. Others have their hocks inclining inwards—"pinned in on his hocks;" while again, others are, to a certain degree, as it were, bandy legged behind, forming, as a writer might term, a parenthesis ( ); such hocks, on coming to the ground, will be usually seen (to use a not very erudite term) to whabble about, but ending in twisting outwards—many to such a degree that, on the foot being placed on the ground, that also twists out of its place in an outward direction. I cannot but hold either of the two last-mentioned peculiarities as at least failings. I have seen many horses a little "tied in at the hocks," capital goers; but there is usually an unpleasant movement in horses with their hocks set wide apart, and I have remarked such to be liable to clack or "forge" in trotting—a very disagreeable habit, but one usually easily remedied. The outward twisting of the hocks and feet is particularly found to be produced when harness horses are going up hill with a heavy load behind them, such as we must now say formerly was the case with stage coaches. The greatest help we could afford such horses was by shoeing them particularly square at the toes on their hind feet; in fact, all horses for harness purposes should be more or less shod thus. The firm bearing it gives the toe on the ground will be at once perceived by taking a horse-shoe and holding it on a table with the toe on the surface and the heel pressed on by the hand, it will be found the roundness of the toe gives it a mere point to rest on, consequently it twists from side to side. Now reverse the proceeding: let the two heels rest on the surface, the shoe will be found immovable. Shoeing round or square at the toes in a mitigated degree has the same effect, for it is the toe that in going up hill forms the principal *appui*.

It will be observed I have hitherto only alluded to bone spavin or exostosis of some sort. I have remarked the outside of the hock not being subject to similar complaint; even splents occur ten times on the inside of the fore leg to once on its reverse. The only failing, or I should rather call it disfigurement, incidental to the outside of the hock, that I have observed (save from blows or other violent contact) are thorough-pins; these, as the name indicates, appear on each side; they are, when large, very unsightly, but seldom (I might figuratively say never) lame; they are merely bursæ—too soft in substance to lame by pressure on other parts; they are, in fact, swellings coming on each side of the limb above the hock, and by pressure may be caused, while the pressure lasts, to disappear on either side of the limb—the size being doubled, or nearly so, on the other.

The next ailment in the region of the hocks is hood or bog spavin. These are very common, and numbers of horses have them, more or less, unnoticed. They do not often lame, unless very large. I once bought a horse, knowing he had them. He was a trotter. He was not lame till, of a sudden, they enlarged frightfully. I put him in the hands of a vet., who promised me he would send him back in a week with no signs of spavin remaining. He kept his word, and the horse kept sound—that is, till I sold him, six months afterwards.

I believe I have now mentioned all or most of the ailments incident to the hock, with their probable consequences. I therefore take my leave of both the subject, and for the time being, of the reader.—*London Field.*

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

It is not too late for several experiments yet. Farmers still discuss how it is best to harvest their corn; whether by topping it, or cutting it up by the roots. Now there is nothing like trying both. Top ten rows and cut up ten rows, in the same field, and compare results, counting labor, convenience, amount of yield, and all other things. You will be interested and benefitted, whatever be the conclusion.

Notice, also, what kind of corn ripens soonest. The very cool weather of the last few weeks, has greatly retarded the corn, which was late before. If we had some of the "forty days corn," or some variety that ripens early, it would be well to grow some of it. In a season cut short by cold weather at both ends, such early ripening corn would be a blessing.

You remember the sad results of defective seeds sown, or planted last spring. Many fields of corn, and many plats in gardens had to be planted over. You may avoid this by having good seed; secure this end by saving the largest and best seeds of every kind. As to corn, a good way is to select those ears that are largest, and have ripened earliest; let them ripen fully on the stalk; then gather them, and select the finest and best shaped among these, and hang them where they will be kept perfectly dry till you wish to plant next spring.

Mice are on the increase. Destroy their burrows and hiding places as much as you can, keep meadows mown, and pastures eaten down tolerably close; this will curtail their quarters; kill all you can, this will help too; they have proved to be a terrible scourge in some places.

You may have sweet apples in great abundance, which are not very good for eating; if so, feed them to your swine; they will be excellent food. Keep them close picked up under your trees, for various reasons.

In some part of the country neat cattle are affected with the scours this year; look out for this among your stock, especially among your weaned calves; put animals thus affected into the stable, give them tender hay, and administer the "Calves' Cordial" in small doses. Do not check the diarrhœa too soon.

The fall has just opened on us. Fevers are on the decrease. If we should have hot days and cool nights, many in our valleys and along our streams will be sick. We would say to all, avoid the cold, damp air of the night and early morning, by being warmly clad whenever you are out at such times; pay some attention to your diet, and secure good, regular sleep. You may escape a long sickness thus.

Attend now to the drying of all fruit that is ripe enough to dry. The fine weather we have had for some time, has been excellent for these purposes.

Don't forget to attend to your County Fair, and if it is convenient, the State Fair too.—Such exhibitions are full of instruction to every open eyed observer.—*Ohio Farmer.*

BOTS IN HORSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Northampton, *Sept. 9th*, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—I notice in your paper of the 5th inst., some remarks from the pen of *Mr. H——, of Lewistown*, in reference to an article written by myself, and first published in the *Hampshire Gazette*. As Mr. H—— shows himself to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and his theory of bots in the case mentioned, is a plausible, and may be the true one, I wish to say I have yet to learn that the symptoms differed from those usually presented in inflammation of the stomach, or that there was anything so long as the animal lived to demonstrate the existence of both, over any other agent which might produce it. And that the administration of gin or spirits of turpentine, or any other irritant, such as is usually administered by those who do not understand the pathology of disease, might have been highly objectionable. Mr. Youatt mentions a case—page 232, Youatt on the Horse, by Skinner—in which the duodenum of a horse was perforated by bots. In the same work—page 224 and 225—he says, "the bots cannot, while they inhabit the stomach of the horse, give the animal any pain," and that "the wise man will leave them to themselves." The cases spoken of above, may be exceptions to the general rule. Cases characterized by the usual phenomena of colic, or inflammation of the bowels, and in which the presence of bots could not be ascertained—and could they be, perhaps not helped.

I do not wish to be understood as saying (in the original paper,) that the horns of cattle, may not be sympathetically affected by other diseases, or that they are not subject to accident. Anything which disturbs the equilibrium of the circulation, affects their temperature. Any grave, local congestion might produce its corresponding lack of fluids in the horns. Errors in the nomenclature, or the location of disease, might not amount to much, did they not lead to errors in practice. If I mistake not, Mr. H—— will find on page 172, Youatt and Martin on Cattle, by Stevens, an account of the disease to which he refers, under the name of palsy. Some have looked for its proximate cause in the horns, others in the tails. Mr. H—— shows more knowledge of causes and effects by locating it in the spine; *spinal congestion produces palsy*. And that it may be the result of sympathy with the digestive organs, we have abundant evidence. Professor Dadd—page 37, Modern Horse Doctor—says, "A horse fed on hay and grain deficient in nutriment, or of inferior quality, is liable to be the subject of staggers." And in cattle—on page 225, August number, 1857, of the American Veterinary Journal—that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred said to be horn distemper, the trouble is in the digestive apparatus.

Professor C. M. Wood, of Boston, tells us—page 170, June, 1857, above mentioned Journal—a mare deprived of her grain, and fed on hay, had an attack of palsy.

Having been myself for some time engaged in the investigation of the pathology and treatment of the diseases of animals, and having had the care of many such cases, my own observation caused me to make the remarks I did, and I think yet they will be found to be in the main correct—there may be some exceptions. We are all liable to errors. I would not be so unwise as to think my own ideas all right, or others all wrong.

What I dislike to see, is, the extremities of a noble animal that God has made, mutilated, or lopped off to no purpose, simply because they are subject to the variations in temperature, which almost all diseases produce.

Yours truly, E. T. WOOD.

Who Gave Us the Potato?—Sir Walter Raleigh is generally believed to have planted, at Youghall, in July, 1586–7, the first potatoes grown in the British empire; and "from these few this country was furnished with seed." This was on the return of Sir Walter's expedition, for which the patent passed the Great Seal, in 1584. Heriot, a scientific man who accompanied the expedition, describes, under the head of "Roots," those called in Virginia, "Openawk," which are "round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger," (Sir Joseph Banks; Hall's Ireland, p. 80.) But although all this be true, the honor of first introducing this "root" into England belongs to Admiral Sir Francis Drake, who brought them, among other rare exotics, from the wilds of South America, on his return expedition, after circumnavigating the globe, in 1580, seven years prior to Sir Walter Raleigh's return expedition.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not on poor and barren soils, but in ground that is beautiful.—*Feltham.*

The Riddler.

BOTANICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 31, 13, 33, 9, is a plant and flower of the genus Dianthus.

My 29, 37, 7, 23, 14, 12, is a tree celebrated for its delicious fruit.

My 20, 10, 8, 9, 40, 31, 30, 28, is a plant with showy flowers of the genus Delphinium.

My 23, 32, 34, 14, 27, 25, 5, 1, 18, 36, is an annual flowering plant, having the scent of raspberries.

My 18, 39, 7, is an evergreen shrub of the genus Camellia.

My 1, 17, 24, 40, 18, 20, 29, is the national emblem of a European country.

My 8, 2, 39, 11, 7, 28, 19, is a plant of the genus Rheum.

My 27, 10, 23, 31, 17, 22, 37, is a tree which grows in Borneo and Japan, valued for its medicinal properties.

My 31, 4, 24, 6, 28, 22, 40, 30, is an early flowering plant.

My 37, 33, 35, 3, is a plant of the genus Oryza, cultivated in all warm climates.

My 6, 10, 26, 14, 21, 12, 15, 7, is a beautiful forest tree.

My whole is a plant whose flower is one of the most magnificent the vegetable world produces.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 3, 7, 17, 2, 21, 8, is a kind of type.

My 20, 12, 4, 21, 8, 4, 3, is a demonstrative proposition, in which some property is asserted, and the truth of it required to be proved.

My 5, 4, 6, 11, 17, 9, 4, 6, is a French writer.

My 3, 2, 12, 1, 21, 3, is a celebrated poet.

My 10, 4, 13, 11, 15, is a word found in only two books in the Bible.

My 3, 11, 10, 19, 16, 12, 23, 21, 6, is a celebrated French writer.

My 20, 23, 24, 25, 14, is what we call men who are intoxicated.

My whole is a maxim which all ought to remember.

Princeton, N. J. G. N. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When snow's on the hill, in winter chill,
My first to you's a friend.
On a cold night, a welcome sight
It makes, you may depend.

My second's seen in forest green,
Where'er on earth you roam;
Its use is great in every state;
'Tis in your quiet home.

My whole is sold in winter cold,
To those who want to buy—
My first is made with it 'tis said—
This you can guess, if you try.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article,
Most grammarians contend;
My second is a river,
That through Italy doth wend.

My third is in slavery
And chains ever bound;
My fourth, a useful plant,
In China is found.

To my quiet southern home,
'Mid the green valleys fair,
My whole oft comes at eventide,
My lone heart to cheer.

Lisbon, Md. O. C. S.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 3, 4, 5 and 6, and I am a contraction for holiness.

Omit my 5 and 6, and I am a luminary.

Omit my 1, 2 and 6, and I am a part of a circle.

Omit my 1 and 2 and I am a curvature.

Omit my 1, 5 and 6, and I am a resinous substance.

Omit my 1, 5 and 6, and transpose, and I am a quadruped.

Omit my 1, 4 and 6, and transpose, and I am a domestic animal.

Omit my 1, 4 and 5, and transpose, and I am an article of apparel.

Omit my 1, and transpose, and I am a descriptive privilege.

Omit my 1 and 4, and transpose, and I am a conversation.

Omit my 5, and transpose, and I am of no value.

My whole is used for embellishing linen.

New Providence, Tenn. HARRY.

ANAGRAMS
ON PLACES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Talon	No cant
Con Liar	Main Cob
A mad cues	Son Tea
Von Haer	Non Bela
Sou Metor	Bell Sorow.

C. N. W.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are 14,981 bullets, each bullet of 6 inches in diameter, placed in an unfinished square pyramidical pile, by always placing the bullets of each successive layer in the grooves formed by the touching bullets in the layer below. By an unfinished square pyramidical pile, I mean that the pile shall be begun on square bottom, and build up in that form, in the shape of a natural shaped square pyramid, but not finished out to a single bullet at the top—(some part of the top being wanting.) The base of the pile and the number of layers are such that each layer is completed when once begun, and the bullets are all used in the pile. The question is, what is the height of said pile? Will some arithmetician answer?

Snyder Co., Pa. AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between a dog smelling a pocket and a boy stealing money? Ans.—The one scents the pocket, the other pockets the scent.

☞ Why is the tube of a gun like a boy's head? Ans.—Because it is covered with a cap.

☞ Why is unbaked bread like a musical note? Ans.—Because it is (dough) do.

☞ Why is an open door like a certain glass vessel? Ans.—Because it is a-jar.

☞ Why is an impatient sweet heart at hand like a fretful girl? Ans.—Because it is a certain (cry-ate).

W. S. M.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Omnibus. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—All is not gold that glitters. ACROSTICAL CHARADE—Gold-mine. CHARADE—Parable. CHARADE—Orion (O-Rye-On)! GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS—Iowas-Gallatin, Yellow-Stone, Platte, Tocantins, Adrianople, Saloniea, Corinth. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—100.

A Suggestive Retort.—A clergyman observing a poor man by the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you do not work on *your knees*."